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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

What the National Government has done

THE "National" Government's trumpeter is dead! — it has issued vainglorious films and posters applauding its own achievements to the skies—to say nothing of a strange picture paper called the "Popular Pictorial." Is some misguided "National" enthusiast paying the piper? (Of course, with an eye on the honours list).

The National Government claims that all is for the best in the best of all possible Britains ruled by the best of all possible Governments, because—

(I) Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's speed record on land with a speed of 272 miles per hour.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the rest of them had as much to do with Sir Malcolm Campbell's record as they had with the eclipse of the sun.

(II) Our Air Force won the Schneider Trophy outright.

That was won in September, 1931 before the formation of the National Government, because Lady Houston paid the expenses.

(III) Lord Clydesdale and his fellow airmen flew over Mount Everest and looked down on the highest mountain in the world—

Because Lady Houston financed this brave adventure.

Much is said about unemployment. Yet there are 429,000 more people in receipt of poor relief than in 1931, and in two years the number of permanently unemployed men has increased by 61,000.

Our Foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation and folly. The chances of war have been multiplied by a sentimentalism which bleats of peace and disarmament and leaves the world in doubt as to our sanity. Our friends have ceased to rely on us and we have deliberately chosen an isolation which only overwhelming strength could justify.

Worst of all, before the whole world we declare the inadequacy of our defences.

Our Army estimates and our Air estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Socialist Government in 1930.

Our Navy estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Conservative Government in 1925. Our Navy is below strength in material and personnel—the Admiralty own it.

The Air Force is below strength—the Air Ministry own it. But Lady Houston's offer of support is rejected and, instead, we are fobbed off with Mr. Baldwin's promise of another Conference.

The Indian record of this Government could scarcely be worse. It has surpassed even the Socialists in its eagerness to abandon its sacred duty and to undo the great work that Englishmen accomplished for the good of the Empire and of the Indians.

Foreign imports are already up this year by 34 millions. How much longer can this Government continue to masquerade as defenders of our Commerce?

Four millions for Austria, nothing for National development at home, only legislation to prevent individual initiative.

Muddle and indecision have made the confusion of our Betting and Licensing laws more confounded.

Socialists and Communists are given a free hand. Anti-Socialists are treated as blackguards.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without principles a country cannot live. The existence of our country depends on the destruction of this monstrosity.

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Notes of the Week

The Herring

Lady Houston's propaganda in favour of the herring industry has already had its effect. On the menus of several London clubs and restaurants which pride themselves on their cuisine, the fresh herring has made its belated appearance; for there is no better fish brought out of the sea, and if only it had not been so cheap and plentiful it would rank among the principal delicacies of the table. It is possible that the return to fashion of the herring may be of more immediate value to our fishermen than the recommendations of the Sea Fish Commission. One hopes that a Herring Board may be an exception to those bureaucratic failures which may be exemplified by the Milk Board, and the situation is so desperate that any means taken to remedy it are better than inaction.

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The German Plebiscite

One might almost imagine from the bulk of the public comments in this country on the German election that Herr Hitler had suffered a swinging defeat. Even such ill-assorted bed-fellows as "The Daily Express" and "The Daily Worker" write in glee over the "downfall" of the Dictator, the former comparing him with Humpty Dumpty.

Hitler has no point in common with Humpty Dumpty beyond the initial letter of their names. If, roughly, 38,000,000 votes recorded for him and 4,000,000 against him constitute a débâcle for Hitler, we would like to see the figures which would be considered a victory by his fanatical opponents.

We are not his fanatical supporters by any means. But we have an infallible knack of recognising the difference between black and white, and even of counting exactly how many beans make five.

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Facts as They Are

No amount of suggestion that the election was not a free one—it is significant that there is not one scrap of proof that votes were influenced other than by the overwhelming personality of the man himself, though a certain element of fear was certainly present—can alter the fact that Hitler has triumphed. His majority is vast and formidable. For the outside world to disregard that majority as not reflecting the will of the German people as a whole is ludicrous.

To dislike some aspects of a man, or even every aspect of him, is no reason for blinding oneself to

the extent of his power. Hitler's power is immense, and it only remains to hope that he will not abuse it.

Strange that the establishment of absolute power in Germany should so stick in the gullets of those who for years have paid greasy obeisance to absolute power in Russia. For them Hitler can do no right and Stalin no wrong.

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Muddle on the Roads

The traffic regulations multiply with such bewildering frequency that there seems a danger of the Law of the Road becoming as confused as that of the Income Tax, which nobody can understand. That is the trouble with patchwork legislation. In detail it may be good, but as a whole it is bad; bad because of its confusion, and worse because of the inability to enforce it. The white ladders which mark pedestrian road crossings in London may serve some good purpose, but exactly what that purpose is has never been clearly understood of the people, nor of the police. Vague fines are threatened, but what for nobody clearly knows. Vague safety for the pedestrian was promised, but the pedestrian knows that that does not exist. The motor traffic still goes its own wild way, and but for the policeman's upraised arm, which was as often raised before the days of the ladders, the pedestrian still has to jump for it.

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Zones of Silence

Mr. Hore-Belisha's "Zones of Silence" scheme has come fast upon our recent protest against the nocturnal hooting of motor-cars. We do not claim this as a case of cause and effect, satisfying though it is to realise that even a "National" Government may at long last be impelled to take thought for national comfort. The silencing, or the prohibition, of road-drills is now only a question of time—probably of weeks.

Paris has had no reason to regret her decision some years ago to forbid cars to hoot from midnight to day-break. This decision was, we remember, received on this side of the Channel with some outbursts of heavy humour, based on amazement that anyone in Paris ever went to bed at all or, at any rate, ever went to bed with the idea of sleeping, except, possibly, in the day-time.

London, alleged to be a city of peace, respectability, and solid comfort, has lagged a long way behind.

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Those Licensing Hours

But London must do much more than make herself a place where it is possible to enjoy a reasonable amount of sleep if the tourist traffic, which is at last showing some signs of increase, is to reach the required level.

Tourist traffic has grown by nearly 10 per cent. over last year's figures. That is good; but for the most wonderful city in the world it is not good enough. The abolition, or at least the amelioration, of licensing restrictions is continually being talked about, yet nothing whatever is done.

No political party dares to make this a plank in its platform, for fear of what used to be called the Nonconformist vote. Nowadays there are very few districts where this is not a harmless bogey.

It is, perhaps, too much to hope that England will ever be free, except in name, if only English people are to benefit. But we may surely be allowed to gather up the crumbs, as it were, from beneath the foreign visitor's table. And since there may also be a chance of making some money out of our visitors, so much the better.

But it will be the most shadowy of chances unless we allow Americans, for instance, at least as many facilities as they are now legally permitted at home. Since the abolition of Prohibition, New York has a fresh claim to be a place fit for adults to live in.

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Anything to Declare?

The *Saturday Review* has always been in favour of the protection of British industry and realised that such a policy implied far stricter Customs examinations than prevailed in the days of Free Trade. Yet we venture to enquire whether our Customs authorities fully understand the purpose for which they are appointed and whether possibly they might not profitably display a greater sense of humour. For the British Customs are beginning to fall into bad odour among our visitors from the Continent and it cannot really be profitable to hinder the tourist traffic. As it is, the native from abroad must declare practically all his possessions, for everything purchased abroad whether worn or not is liable to duty. No doubt duty is not charged, but surely the objects of protection would still be served, if worn articles of clothing and the like were exempt from declaration and duty. However, something must be forgiven to our customs men for the delightful notice shown to every passenger: "dogs, parrots, pedal and motor bicycles and motor cars must be produced." The production of any of these from the suit cases which are now the popular form of luggage would rank the traveller as a king of conjurors.

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The Ashes of Cricket

Sportsmen have always provided the humorists with their chance. How the whole world outside the British Empire must be chuckling over this sorry series of Test Matches! Australia stiffly objects to England's bowlers exploiting leg-theory. The M.C.C. coldly intimates that

leg-theory was popular before Australia was colonised. The Australians come over here prepared for the worst (if the disclaimers of political intervention are to be believed) only to find that Larwood and Voce, England's deadliest bowlers, have been snubbed and that Jardine, the man who won the Ashes in Australia, is wielding the pen instead of the bat.

If the Test Matches are supposed to represent Empire sport at its brightest and best, it is time we turned to ludo or darts. The whole atmosphere surrounding this series has been undignified, nasty, and personal. Australia is welcome to the Ashes of Cricket.

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Suppressing the News

So the B.B.C. is to have a News Editor for its thrice-nightly bulletins—an erudite professor who, it is anticipated, will act as a liaison between the B.B.C. and Government departments. How the News Editors of Fleet Street will envy him! Only a few chosen papers can get anything like a story out of the Government departments, although every Ministry of importance is equipped with a Press Bureau. In Fleet Street they are regarded as suppress bureaux, as seekers after news are side-tracked, thwarted and rebuffed. There is only one exception, the Ministry of Transport, over which a former journalist now presides. Whatever the views of Mr. Hore-Belisha, only a journalist could have given that lurid head-line, "Mass Murder on the Roads." Other Government bureaux might follow his lead, but of course the daily papers mustn't suggest this; otherwise they would get less news than ever.

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British Music

Covent Garden theatre having enjoyed a successful season in the course of which very few people other than foreigners appeared on its stage, is now, it seems, to be closed until next summer, when precisely the same thing will happen all over again.

It is here that during the seasons of German or Italian opera and of Russian ballet many British people find work as orchestral players, stage-hands, theatre staff and so forth. But is there any real reason why in the autumn, winter, or spring months a season of opera, sung in English by British singers, should not be given at prices suitably adjusted? The singers we have. The brilliant struggles of the Beecham and the B.N.O.C. companies proved that. We certainly have some first-rate conductors, headed by Sir Thomas Beecham himself.

Must Covent Garden always be used only for "international" entertainments to which the British nation contributes stage artistes in a proportion so meagre as to be almost non-existent?

Our Invisible Deer

It would seem that England possesses an unseen floating population of wild deer which gathers immediately round any young plantation started by the Forestry Commissioners. We learn that in practically every district these animals appear as if by magic in every big plantation in England and Wales, and breed rapidly, doing great damage to the trees. Where do they come from? The Forestry Commissioners do not consider that escapes from parks can account for their presence. Presumably, all unsuspected, deer wander secretly over the country and, after all, such a movement would be little more mysterious than the pilgrimage of the grey squirrel through the streets of London to the woods of the country.

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A Weird Tongue

It is announced from Malta that Maltese replaces Italian as the official language of the law courts, while English remains the administrative language. The Maltese language is unique. It is said to derive from the Phoenician and is certainly a most extraordinary-looking lingo. English, Italian and Maltese are or were all Parliamentary languages and the Maltese Hansard provided a startling hotchpot. Speeches in English and Italian looked natural enough, but between them there were gobbets of apparent gibberish that out-Carrolled Lewis Carroll.

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Who Gets the Money?

Farm labourers in Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk, and probably half a dozen other counties, are rising before dawn these days and going "rooning." Heavy dews following the hot weather have caused an abnormal crop of mushrooms on the farm lands. The lads fill basket after basket, and the fruit of their labours is collected by motor-van and hurried up to Covent Garden.

The same day the mushrooms are in the hands of the retailers, and what is the price to the consumer? The minimum is 1s. 3d. per lb., rising to 2s. 6d. according to district. The farm lads get 4d. per lb., with deductions if the mushrooms are damaged or are old. A profit of over 400 per cent. has to be explained, but then, Covent Garden is not good at explanations—ask them about English plums, apples and early blackberries.

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Problems of Propaganda

Socialism's daily mouthpiece is rather concerned lest English people should think, owing to the films, that Americans are a nation of gangsters, crooks and "wise-crackers."

If that is so, it is America's own fault. But America does not overlook, as does this journal of

perfidious (and perverted) internationalism, the value of film-propaganda of another type, which shows her as the proud owner of mighty battleships, vast air fleets, and intrepid heroes. There must be vast sections of the cinema-going public who sincerely believe that this sort of thing is the exclusive property of Uncle Sam.

Our pink pacifists not only seem to imagine that it would be rather rude for us to do the same, but to do their best to ensure that Great Britain shall have no battleships or aeroplanes even to defend herself with, let alone for use as film propaganda.

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Yeomen of England

It is not the least of our modern tragedies that agriculture is so inefficiently represented in the House of Commons. Our Second Chamber is swamped with townsmen—lawyers, manufacturers, and the rest—and the most important industry, not only of this country, but of every country in the world, has no one to speak for it who really understands it. The Government blunders about in efforts to help the farmers, who, despite their reputation for grumbling, are in truth the most important and most deserving section of the population, but the limited ignorance of the city dweller perpetually handicaps these efforts.

Somehow or other this country has to produce at home a far higher percentage of its food than ever before during the last fifty years, because we cannot pay to the same extent for imported food. Moreover, a yeoman class is the true strength of any nation. The town must be sacrificed to the country if the Commonwealth is to continue to exist.

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Books, Books, Books

Years ago the Reading Room at the British Museum was rarely crowded. In those days no one really worried about the indigent or ill-married reader who applied for the first book that came into his head and used it as an excuse for slumber in a warm and peaceful atmosphere. That has all changed nowadays and the pressure on space is such that the authorities are doing their best to discourage all readers who are not serious students. Undoubtedly there are people who drop in at the British Museum to solve some casual problem of a Cross Word Puzzle or something equally futile and they should be given a short shrift. There are plenty of other reference libraries in London. At the same time it is hard to see why the British reader should suffer, because German exiles want to use the Library. Presumably the British Museum Library is intended for the British and no foreign student can have the slightest claim to oust the humblest of our own readers.

Scandal of the Ashes

By Kim

IT is deplorable that the Australian Cricket Tour, instead of cementing friendship between the Antipodes and ourselves, is leading to bitter estrangement, and for this the M.C.C. by their lack of definite leadership are mainly to blame. Public opinion here is so acerbated by the attitude of the M.C.C., who tacitly at least, support the claim of the Australian Board of Control that leg-theory bowling is unfair, that millions, who would be the first to applaud the Australians if they won the final Test match on their merits, now only hope they will take the "Ashes" and keep away for a long time.

If it could be said that the controversy as to the legitimacy or otherwise of what the Australians call "body-line" bowling went no further than the tactics of the game, no great harm would have been done, but it has gone much further. It is an imputation on British fair play which the M.C.C. indignantly repudiated when it was called into question, and yet that body has acted throughout as though they pleaded guilty to the Australian charge. In the circumstances it is scarcely surprising that the British public look upon the Test matches as "put-up jobs," and the rumour has gone freely round that it was deliberately intended to let the Australians win the last Test match, so as to mollify them.

Wire-Pulling

True or otherwise, they have been repeated with circumstantial allegations that Mr. J. H. Thomas, from the inception of the Australian tour, set to work to pull strings and ban Larwood's or any other bowler's leg theory, on the grounds that unless this concession were made to Australian opinion a very acute situation would arise. Mr. Thomas, as his negotiations with De Valera prove, is capable of any sort of wire-pulling. Certainly this gentleman denies any truth in the statement, but we know, on the other hand, that a politician's denial is part of his stock-in-trade.

The events of this unpropitious tour point definitely to at least some tacit understanding that leg-theory bowling has been barred, and Notts, who practise it legitimately, are in disgrace. The two players, Jardine and Larwood, who did so much to win the wretched "Ashes," have been ostentatiously dropped out of first class cricket. Jardine criticised the bad sportsmanship of barracking Australian crowds in his book, and Larwood said flatly that he was thrown over for political considerations. Neither have been invited to play by the Selection Committee, and only one interpretation can be placed on this action. Jardine and Larwood are *personæ non gratae* to the Australians and have been thrown to the wolves—or barrackers—by the M.C.C.

There arises also the significant event of Voce, who, having skittled the Australian wickets in their first innings against Notts, was mysteriously forbidden to play in the second innings. Who

behind the scenes worked this? In the last Test match it is believed by a vast section of the public that if Jardine, Larwood, and Voce had played the result would have been very different. The Australians have shown that they cannot stand up to really fast bowling, and England's captaincy has been lamentable.

When the Australians were well beaten by the M.C.C. side last year and sent a telegram casting aspersions on Larwood's bowling, the M.C.C. sent a spirited reply and rejected the new-fangled claim that to bowl on the leg stump with a field set to leg was wrong in the law or spirit of the game. Yet, with their actions during the tour the very opposite of what they said, and their treatment of Jardine, Larwood and Voce so mean and scurvy, it is evident that between the time when they repudiated the Australian accusations and the arrival of the men under Woodfull, an entirely new orientation has been adopted. The public were told nothing. They, who support the game with their money, have been treated with contempt. And they are angry about it.

Secret Agreement?

The inference is that the politicians did pull the strings. If the M.C.C. made no formal agreement to bar "body-line" bowling, there was nothing to prevent Mr. Thomas, by private consent and quite unofficially of course, giving a secret undertaking that the big bad wolf Larwood should not bowl them out. Hence the prompt removal of Voce when he skittled their wickets, which so annoyed them that they travelled to London at separate ends of the same train.

Are we really to contemplate, then, that our Mr. Thomas, as Minister of the Dominions, is ready to rig a game to keep the Colonials in a good temper, and let them go home triumphant? Has cricket sunk so low that a game is to be corrupted to keep the Australians sweet? Must we really let the Kangaroo wallop the poor old Lion, with one hand tied behind his back, lest Australia should walk out of the Empire? To us the suggestion is so base that we will not insult the Australians by believing a word of it, but it is quite possible Mr. Thomas would be capable of hinting at it. A man who will hob-nob secretly with De Valera in a Dublin hotel to try and wean some paper concession is quite likely to use cricket for political purposes, and if it is humiliating to Englishmen, who imagine Mr. Thomas would mind that?

Well, Australia may take the "Ashes" for what they are worth. We should say little. The bottom has been knocked out of big cricket by these gerry-manderings. Cricket was a game invented in England and played by sportsmen as a pastime, but it has deteriorated into a money-making business, with veiled professionalism rampant, and the public are sick of these miserable and humiliating subterfuges.

Mr. Fokker's Air Warning

By Boyd Cable

MANY of the newspapers I read gave a very condensed report of the interview with Mr. Fokker, the Dutch aeroplane designer, and, still worse, several, by leaving out some of his remarks, make it appear that he offered opinions which would excuse our present unpardonable air weakness and the long-drawn inadequate programme for increasing the Royal Air Force. What he *did* say was very much to the opposite purpose.

"Progress in aircraft design," said Mr. Fokker, "results in machines becoming rapidly out of date. Very soon the existing aircraft of the Powers will be obsolete through the development of types of bombing machines which can and will be built within the next year or two."

Imagine the avidity with which the starvers of the R.A.F. will seize on this as an argument for delay in equipping new squadrons, saying that if present types will be obsolete in a year or two, surely it must be better to wait two or three years before increasing squadrons and aircraft.

But even with our soon-to-be-obsolete aircraft we are training an Air Force which, for its size, I believe to be the most efficient in the world, and only if we double and treble the R.A.F. in the next year or two can we have the men we need trained to fly the machines which "can and will" be built in a year or two.

Air strength is not a mere matter of the number of aircraft in our hands at a given moment, nor even of superior performance in those machines. It is just as much, or rather more, a matter of trained flying men and ground mechanics, organisation and equipment. Speeded-up factories could produce hundreds of machines in a few weeks; but there is no factory system for mass production of pilots who can fly blind and find a target hundreds of miles away, nor experts in direction-finding, signalling and many other highly technical branches of air service.

Man and Machine

Mr. Fokker indeed nullified that argument for delaying increase in our air strength by another remark which unfortunately was missed out of the condensed reports given by many papers. "Soon after the outbreak of war," he said, "there will be a shortage of highly specialised man-power necessary to handle a modern aeroplane fleet in the air and on land."

This is the soundest possible argument for, not against, an immediate and heavy increase in the personnel as well as the aircraft of the R. A. F.

Mr. Fokker believes that the danger of air gas attack has been "greatly exaggerated" and discounts the suggestion that "the whole population of London could be poison-gassed. Here again Mr. Dilly, M.P., will be quoting complacently to Mr. Dally, M.P., and arguing that there is no use going to all the fuss and expense of providing gas-

shelters or teaching people how to put on a gas mask when such an expert as Mr. Fokker says there will be no gas.

But with all due deference to Mr. Fokker, although we can regard him as an expert in aircraft design and in forecasting what it may become, we cannot regard him as an expert or an authority on what poison gas can or might do. It may be safer to take an opinion on this from, for example, the German Dr. Haslian, whose recent writings are quoted in the current Journal of the Royal United Services Institution, with the comment that he is "perhaps one of the greatest living authorities on chemical warfare."

Dr. Haslian wrote last year that the chemical weapon "will replace the metal projectile in a very definite proportion," and that "no State aspiring to possess a modern armament will in the event of war hesitate to resort to the chemical weapon; every such state fully intends to do so."

London Would Be Bombed

If we add the opinion of this expert on his subject to that of Mr. Fokker that an enemy would have no difficulty in attacking London with 200 to 300 bombers, and his further opinion that air war would develop into a series of attacks and counter-attacks upon the capital cities, we get the combined view of experts that London could be heavily bombed, and that poison gas would be used "in a very definite proportion."

What I consider the most important of all Mr. Fokker's remarks was again unfortunately left out of many of the cut-down reports. It offers the strongest of all possible reasons why we should immediately start to bring our R. A. F. up to full and impressive strength.

"If public opinion rises to a realisation of the nature of the latest means of warfare, it will turn against war altogether. That is *the only possible way to end war.*" (My italics.)

But this must be applied to public opinion in every country, and it will be worse than useless for the public of one nation to realise the horrors of air war if it supposes the horrors will be inflicted only on the enemy. Public opinion in Germany had no compunction about air bombing for the three years that only England was bombed; it was when we began and steadily developed regular air raids on the Rhine cities and munition centres that Germany suddenly realised what a horrible and inhumane business it was to bomb civilians, and that the Rhinelanders began to clamour for some agreement to cease such bombing.

What we have to consider then is how we can make the public of any possible enemy nation realise that they could only attack us at peril of their suffering the worst horrors of air war.

We can only do this by being at least equal to the first, not the sixth, in air power.

Kipps in the Kremlin

By Our Saturday Reviewer

Moscow, July 23rd.

"Mr. H. G. Wells had an interview with Mr. Stalin this afternoon, lasting three hours."

Daily Paper

THE place was a fortress, heavily guarded, as became the home of the beloved Dictator of the Proletariat. Sentries with fixed bayonets and heavy revolvers had passed our little novelist from one to another, until he was in the presence of Stalin himself.

"Delighted to meet you, Comrade," said Mr. Wells affably. "I consider this interview of some importance. The Socialism of the West greets the Socialism of the East."

"We are Internationalists," said Stalin.

"Exactly," said the plump little visitor. "If you have read my various works, you will see how entirely I despise the bourgeois superstition of Patriotism. What is England but a collection of stockbrokers, vulgarians and superfluous poor?"

"You have still a King," said Stalin.

"We have, I admit it," replied the other; "but, as for me, I am a Republican."

"Then why not have a revolution?" the Dictator exclaimed.

"That would be premature," said Mr. Wells.

"You see, the King is so popular. And there are other difficulties."

"I know what it is," said Stalin, with an icy sneer. "You are of the bourgeoisie, Comrade Wells. You cannot get rid of your royalty and retain your royalties. You have great possessions; you belong to the old régime."

"Comrade, you do me an injustice."

"Then lead your Socialists to the barricades," said Stalin. "You are a man: I presume you are ready to die for your convictions."

"O, of course, certainly, more or less; yes, truly," replied the other hastily.

Stalin leant back, opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a bomb. "I keep one always by me," he said. "They say I am made of steel; but I have my sentiment. It is a souvenir: it reminds me of my past. With just such a bomb I have killed Generals of the Armies of the Tsar and Governors of Provinces. To throw such a little token of love as this at the foot of an Autocrat and watch his smile die upon his face—it is very amusing. Alas, these pleasures are no more! All the same, it might be useful, even now."

The host looked thoughtfully at the bomb; his guest looked apprehensively at Stalin.

"You are protected by the love of the Proletariat," said the Novelist soothingly.

Stalin smiled grimly. "I am a realist," he said. "I protect myself. As for those swine outside, they are slaves. As they were under the Tsars, so are they under the Commissars."

Stalin fingered the grenade with the loving touch of a goldsmith fingering a jewel. "You pull out this pin," he said, "and hold it in your

hand thus. Then you swing back your arm—so."

Our Fabian jumped back instinctively.

"Don't be alarmed," said Stalin, "I was brought up with these things. My father taught me to use them."

"We did not have them at Bromley," replied Wells. "My father taught me to use a cricket ball."

"Unhappy England!" exclaimed the Dictator, "thou hast no revolutionary fire!"

"O, come," said Wells, "we invented body-line bowling."

The jest was lost on the Georgian.

"This, also," he said, tapping his holster, "I am never without." He drew a heavy Colt and brandished it uncomfortably before the blinking eyes of his Little Visitor.

"This is better than any bomb," he said, "and is, besides, the last refuge of the Dictator. When all the gold is drained from our Treasury; when the Red Army has eaten the last rotten herring and leads the Proletariat in revolt against the walls of this fortress, there are five bullets for them and one for me, Stalin. Do you understand?"

His eyes glittered and he advanced on the little Englishman, pointing the weapon at him like an accusing finger.

"You, also," he said, "are one of the bourgeoisie."

The little Englishman retreated before the Dictator with white face and trembling cheeks. He felt and looked like Mr. Polly in a similarly precarious situation. As he went backwards, he fell over a travelling trunk in the corner of the room. The accident relaxed the tension. Stalin roared with laughter, while Mr. Wells picked himself up and resumed his shattered poise of the Intellectual.

"Pardon, mon cher ami," said Stalin. "You looked so ridiculous when you tumbled over. You reminded me of a Menshevik whom I shot with this very pistol in 1917."

"I see the joke," said Wells doubtfully, and then, holding his sensitive nose with thumb and forefinger—

"What a peculiar smell!" he said.

"It comes from this chest," said Stalin.

"And what is in the trunk?" said Wells, turning pale.

"O, the trunk," said Stalin lightly. "Well, it comes, you see, from the Ukraine. I gave orders to exterminate those accursed Cossacks. They are, you understand, bourgeois at heart, all of them, even the peasants. Moreover, I hate them. So I gave orders: all their harvest must be taken, and they must be given no seed-grain. Thus, you see, they must die of famine."

"But the trunk?" cried Wells.

"I demanded evidence that my orders were being carried out," said the Dictator, "and there is a little evidence in that trunk."

"Have you any vodka?" whispered the Novelist, "I begin to feel (like Kipps) sickish!"

AT SEA: By Hamadryad

(The second Conservative Party Cruise to the Mediterranean leaves to-day. Mr. Baldwin has sent a special message wishing the members a pleasant trip).

Co-workers for the Party's weal
 And (when it suits you) for the nation's,
 Whose indiscriminating zeal
 For Lib. Lab. Tory combinations,
 Is such that nothing makes you squeal,
 Who swallow maundering Mac's orations,
 And Runcy's pacts and Hoare's response to treason,
 And Simon's tepid flow of international reason,
 Within an hour or two at most
 You'll be upon the bounding ocean,
 Viewing our once inviolate coast
 With all a patriot's devotion,
 So, since, you'll later be engrossed.
 In coping with the vessels motion,
 Or, if your luck is in, on overeating,
 Accept, before you leave your leader's heartfelt greeting.

Far from the pleasant vales of Worcester,
 I stick, myself, to Aix-les-Bains,
 The Sea being something I'm not used ter,
 Being subject to stomachic pains,
 Though once, its true, I added lustre
 To Britain's stock of business brains,
 By taking ship across the broad Atlantic,
 To sign those I.O.U's that drive poor Neville frantic.

But still I find it hard to purge
 My soul of maritime ambition,
 And only Ramsay's prior urge
 To wander off on some fool mission,
 Keeps me on dry land while the surge
 Of Biscayan billows falling "swish" on
 The fore-deck fill you with the Viking spirit,
 That even small navy men may properly inherit.

But soon the horizon will reveal
 Land, and the anchor chain will clatter,
 And sped with sight-consuming zeal
 Through Lisbon's streets your feet will patter:
 They give our ships a dirty deal
 Down there, but don't you let that matter,
 For though Britannia—this you can be sure o'—
 No longer rules the waves we still support the Douro.

But see—proud emblem of her sway—
 Britain's majestic Rock Gibraltar:
 Once, in a less enlightened day,
 Of die-hard Valour 'twas the altar.
 It should be their's, the Spaniards say,
 And we, of course, would never falter,
 Should the League Council by-and-by discover
 That to promote world peace we ought to hand it over.

Pleasant, indeed, may be your path
 From port to port, 'mid seas of azure.
 And now to take my mid-day bath
 Only in tepid water lays your
 Poor leader out, the aftermath
 Of our joint bid to lay up treasure
 In Westminster, of efforts made to send up
 Those by-election votes, and keep the Party's end up.

Lyautey of Morocco

By H. Warner Allen

THE world is a poorer place for the death of Marshal Lyautey, the greatest of French Empire-builders. There is no parallel to his achievement at the outbreak of the War. From Paris there came the order to evacuate the whole of the interior of Morocco, holding only the coast towns and to send back to France every man not required to garrison them.

It seemed that the death knell of Lyautey's work had sounded. The Moroccan Empire which he had conquered and pacified at such cost was to be abandoned and he had no doubt that it would never be recovered. Meknès, Fez and Marrakesh would be gone for ever.

As to one point he had no hesitations: France should have every man the Government called for; but to the other part of his instructions he turned like Nelson a blind eye. He evacuated not a yard of territory. The handful of men left to him he formed into flying columns which carried out a series of lightning raids into the area still unpacified.

The Moors who had been assured by German propaganda that they would regain their independence without striking a blow were utterly bewildered. The French forces in Morocco seemed to have been multiplied by a miracle instead of diminishing, and it was no time to raise the standard of revolt.

"I gave the Government every man it asked for," Lyautey told me in his magnificent palace in Fez, "but I did not evacuate a yard of territory; indeed throughout the War I steadily increased the pacified area."

The Beneficent Despot

It was my good fortune to be Lyautey's guest in Morocco in 1920 when he was at the height of his fame and no beneficent despot in the world was half as powerful as he. The most open hospitality and the sincerest welcome were a part of his magnificence. At Fez, Rabat and Marrakesh he lived in palaces that seemed to have come out of the Arabian Nights, for this soldier of severe and simple tastes knew the value of display in the East and I shall never forget the beautiful courtyard with its trees and fountains, on which my bedroom opened in the palace at Marrakesh.

There was nothing of the sybarite in Lyautey. His entertainment was splendid, but he himself ate hurriedly drinking weak tea with his meals and a glass of port to finish, while his watch lay on the table beside him for fear that time might be wasted. This conqueror—both soldier and law-giver—was an artist to his finger tips and he could talk as an expert on music and pictures. The art of Morocco he protected with a jealous eye. He drew a ring fence round the loveliness of Fez, the city of many waters, that pours like a cascade down the steep hillside. He would not have its

beauties prostituted by European hotel and shop-keepers and ordained that no European might own land within the circle of its tombs. The modern city he built a mile away. Outside the walls of ancient Fez he constructed a broad boulevard which is one of the most beautiful drives in the world, but it was characteristic of the man that he did not forget the humble donkey and camel driver. For them he made a pathway shaded from the sun and dust by shrubs and tall bamboos.

Intensely religious himself, Lyautey respected the religion of his people. At a time when he was ill, prayers were offered for his recovery in the mosque of Sidi Idriss, the most sacred spot in Morocco. When he recovered, a thanksgiving service was held and he attended it outside the mosque door. All the chief men of Fez begged Lyautey to enter the mosque on this occasion and be the first unbeliever to cross its threshold. Lyautey refused. "It is contrary to your religious beliefs," he said, "moreover it would be a precedent. If I enter the mosque at your invitation, others may come after me, who will insist on their right to enter and that will be the beginning of trouble."

A Moorish Durbar

I can see him now in the great courtyard of his palace in Fez with the leading man of the town and the chiefs of many tribes gathered to hear his will as they had gathered to listen to the Sultan's command. Lyautey himself did not speak: he sat in his silence, but his glance was eloquent as his piercing blue eyes wandered over the impassive features of his audience. A French officer interpreter thundered forth the Resident General's speech.

There had been trouble in the neighbourhood of Fez. A dissident tribe had rushed a watering party near a fort and the day before I had been with Lyautey himself to the scene of this unfortunate incident in which three French officers had been killed. Clouds of native cavalry, galloping over the broken ground, had escorted the Resident General's car. The battle of the previous day had not yet died down. There was occasional sniping on both sides as Lyautey inspected the fort and its garrison and with the lightning decision of a man of action decided what steps should be taken to wipe out the reverse.

Trouble only thirty miles from Fez had its reaction in the town and neighbouring tribes and Lyautey's message to the chiefs warned them to observe the Pax Gallica with a sternness that they could not mistake. A little movement among the white "burnooses" and turbans like wind fanning a corn field showed that his words were going home and as the speech ended, there was a little murmur of assent and joy. Overhead a flight of storks sailed gracefully against the blue sky, an omen to all of peace and good fortune.

Communism and Congress

By Hamish Blair

(*The Man on the Spot*)

NOT before it was high time the Government of India has banned the "Communist Party of India." As was mentioned in a recent despatch, this select body of desperadoes has been exceedingly busy of late, fomenting sanguinary labour troubles in Bombay, Delhi, Sholapore, Ahmedabad and other centres. It has been reinforced quite recently by the convicted prisoners in the Meerut conspiracy case, who were set at liberty by the Appeal Bench of Allahabad. There is evidence that it is in league with the Terrorist movement; and, although its numbers have not grown very much during the past few years, it is well supplied with funds from Moscow, and is thus in a position to carry on much subversive propaganda.

Writing from India a little more than two months ago, I drew attention to the programme of the newly-formed Socialist party within the Congress. Except that it is slightly less sanguinary in its language and outlook, there is little to distinguish it from the full-blooded aspirations of the Indian Communists' *Draft Platform of Action*, published a year or two ago, which contemplates "the complete independence of India by the violent overthrow of British rule," "the cancellation of all debts," "the establishment of a Soviet Government," etc.

That was in May, and I suggested that "before we are many months older the Congress may have been compelled to swallow the Socialists and their programme." And in view of the Congress's decision to enter the "reformed" legislatures I added, "It is quite on the cards that the Bolsheviks of Patna may shortly be the official Opposition at Delhi."

Swallowed the Bait

The first prediction has already been fulfilled. The Congress has swallowed the Socialist programme, as enunciated by Socialist branches which have sprung up like mushrooms all over the country during the last few weeks. And Gandhi has apparently been so impressed by the progress of the movement that the other day he actually offered to vacate his dictatorship in its favour.

Reverting to the Communists, they, like the Socialists, have turned their attention to capturing the Congress. They have discovered that the red meat of Soviet propaganda is too strong for the babes to whom they have been feeding it in India. Accordingly they have laid aside for the nonce their usual slogans of murder, dragooning and dictatorship for milder remedies, and at the moment they are roaring gently to the tune called by the sucking doves of the Congress.

In this they are now aided and abetted by Gandhi. Gandhi, of course, is a wealthy capitalist whose sympathies are so notoriously with other capitalists that two or three years ago he relaxed the anti-British boycott in order that English

machinery might be installed in the Ahmedabad mills. Nevertheless, and for his own egocentric purposes, he has recently emerged as a champion both of Socialism and Communism in an endeavour to allay the qualms of some of his rich backers among the landowners of the United Provinces. Some of these gentlemen saw him at Benares last week; pointed out that "the new Socialist policy in the Congress threatens the extinction of private property," and inquired, not without emotion, how it would affect Congress policy generally.

Gandhi's reply to these piteous representations was disingenuous and question-begging even for him. "There is nothing in the Congress creed or policy that need frighten you," he said. "All your fears and misgivings, permit me to tell you, are those of a guilty conscience!" "Our Socialism or Communism," he further stated, "should be based on non-violence, on the harmonious co-operation of labour and capital, of landlord and tenant."

Gandhi's Gyration

It will be interesting to note the reactions of Moscow to this original exposition of Socialism and/or Communism. In the meantime it serves to illustrate the endless gyrations of Gandhi and also the fact that the Socialists have got hold of him as well as of the Congress. Whether it will satisfy his fellow capitalists is another matter.

All the signs point, however, to the rapid and almost sensational progress which the so-called Socialists have made in the direction of influencing the policy of the Congress. If this progress continues—and the steady and consistent tendency of this revolutionary body has always been to the Left—I confidently look for the fulfilment of my second prophecy if and when the White Paper is forced through Parliament.

The Government has bestirred itself sufficiently to grasp the Communist nettle. The Congress party under Socialist (or Communist, as Gandhi expresses it) domination is likely to prove still more of a nuisance and a danger than the professed Communists. Will the Government have the decision to grapple with it in the same way? I fear me, not a hope. Simla and Delhi seem unable to shake off their reverence for an arch politician whose main objects are power and the gratification of his anti-British hatreds, while even the saintship of which he has made a hobby is turned to profitable account.

In the meantime our modern Archimedes of Whitehall and Downing Street are merrily forging a lever of which they will make a present, when completed, to every enemy we have in this country. And when our enemies proceed to use it to prise us out of India, can't you imagine their ingenuous surprise?

India, August 5, 1934.

Socialists' Grip on Ireland

By Major H. Reade

EVENTS are moving in Ireland towards a return of the days of trouble. The Free State Government, fearful of the consequences of the Cork riot, are seeking an alliance with Labour. The former dependence of Mr. De Valera on Labour votes had been kept intact by fortnightly conferences, when the Ministers of the present Administration and Labour Deputies have met to discuss policy. This is not now a sufficient guarantee for Labour loyalty, and a Fianna-Fail Labour Alliance is imminent, if it is not actually made.

That it has been made seems more likely, for next session (the Dail has adjourned till November 14th) the Labour party are to introduce, with Mr. De Valera's support, a Bill for a forty-hour week in industry, and another for pensions for widows and orphans which will cost the Irish Free State well over half a million pounds a year.

We must not forget that the Irish Labour Party is merely a branch of the British Socialist Party which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald led. Mr. De Valera proclaims a policy of despising England and breaking the Treaty, but he uses this Irish Labour Party to keep in office.

Indeed, there is a strange parallel in this union of De Valera and Norton, the leaders of Fianna Fail and Labour, with the union between Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin on this side of the Channel. Labour, or Socialism to call it by its right name, has not compromised either here or in the Free State. It has strange bedfellows, true, but the strangest is surely that of the historic party of this country, the once independent Conservatives.

Communism Gains Ground

Is it any wonder then that the so-called "National Government" here can do nothing to bring the Free State back to the Treaty terms? State Socialism in both countries under the influence of once notorious Socialists in power, such as Ramsay MacDonald and Thomas, is leavening the whole political future to serve its own pre-arranged policies. In consequence, Communism and Communistic propaganda have opportunities to continue steadily in Ireland, despite the active opposition of the Church.

It is also not without reason that the only paper that has made money out of the newspaper strike in Ireland is the notorious *An Phoblacht* (*The Republic*) which, being printed in Longford, is now being published thrice weekly, under the special leave and benediction of the Strike Committee.

In other words, the Reds of Ireland are seeking to make hay while the sun shines by intensified propaganda, and many thousands of Irish people (none too well educated) are reading for the first time, for lack of anything else to read, the policies dear to the soul of Moscow and all rebels against human society, law, justice and order. Indeed,

the newspaper strike seems to have been engineered for that very purpose, for Mr. De Valera has not attempted seriously to end it.

Now, we here in England know, as do all the saner Irish people, that the demand for a Republic is made by a Minority which is ready, if necessary, to make war to obtain it; war on their own fellow-countrymen and even on their own relations.

It is a dictatorship of gunmen with which the present rulers of the Free State dare not interfere and, indeed, do not wish to do so. For the present Free State Government needs them as an ally when they have to render an account of their work to the people at the next election.

Hence, since Mr. De Valera came into power he has approved a policy of force at home (witness the recent Cork shootings), of intimidation and unlawful arrest of all parties opposed to him (witness the prosecutions and outrages against the Blue-shirts), and a war of defiance against Great Britain.

Leaders of the Republic

The real rulers of the Free State are not the Dail. The real and only Dail sits at 16, Parnell Square, Dublin, and not at Leinster House, Merrion Square. It is the Dail of the Republic already established, which will function in very truth the day Mr. De Valera sweeps away the Senate and the Governor-General, and proclaims a Republic.

This Republican Government consists of some twenty members. The President is Sean O'Ceallaigh, who has the following Ministers in his Executive Council: Count Plunkett, Sean O'Mahoney, Brian O'Huigien, Cathal O'Murchadha, Tom McQuire, and Miss Mary M'Swiney; and among the Deputies are Count O'Bryne, Professor Stockley, Mrs. Cathal Brugha, Dr. Madden, Sean Buckley, Sean O'Farrell, and Messrs. Crawley and Lennon.

Mr. De Valera once belonged to this organisation—he once styled himself President of the Republic, and still considers himself as such. In the U.S.A. he always styled himself "The President." Everyone who does not agree with this real Dail is anathema and called a traitor.

The loyal Irish realise that the Free State as an equal member of the British Commonwealth could accomplish great things, and exercise a valuable, beneficial and moderating influence in the Council of the Empire, but as a Republic she would count less than the small Republics of South America, or Montenegro or Monaco.

The big stumbling block to any policy of peace, good-will and co-operation lies as much on this side of the Channel as on the other. With the Free State drifting fast towards State Socialism, many people remember that it was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his friends who, by their support

of the Russian Revolution and preaching of the Socialist gospel, have greatly assisted in promoting the disasters that are now bringing Soviet Russia to famine and ruin.

Ireland does not trust Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and by Ireland, I mean those who have her best interests at heart and are desirous of the Free State keeping within the Commonwealth of British Nations. Russia's Soviet disasters and horrors were brought about by political and economic methods of brutality and unparalleled infamies of a moral order.

But when Ramsay MacDonald the poacher, turns gamekeeper and asks the Almighty to save us from the Russian Soviet system—together with his former friend, Lord Snowden—it is not to be wondered at that decent Irishmen are not impressed with him or his Irish policy and are entirely distrustful of British promises.

There will be no peace with the Free State till the present British Government has rid itself of her Socialist Ministers, and is ruled by strong patriotic men who say what they mean and mean what they say.

Round the Constituencies

M.P.'s Marked For "The Sack"

By a Political Correspondent

ONE hundred and ninety-three members sit in the House of Commons representing the boroughs of England, and 159 of them are Conservatives. Never have these Conservatives had such an opportunity to prove to the electorates of the boroughs that they are better looked after by Conservative members than by the Socialist chatterboxes they preferred for the previous ten or twenty years. In 1931 the towns steadily coming to be looked upon as Socialist preserves swung back to the old faith of their fathers—voted for Protection, for Tory principles and Tory men. Already a murmur of discontent, soft in 1932, has grown into a positive growl that to-day forbodes ill for the vast majority of the borough Members at the next election.

The 193 boroughs range in distance from Plymouth and Bath to Newcastle and Carlyle; in degree from Brighton, Cheltenham and Bournemouth to Hull, Leeds and Manchester. So far as they are concerned, the North versus the South controversy is non-existent. The political prejudices of the North are closely related to those of the South. The Midlands stand apart. They are more interested in economics than in politics—preferring profits to principles. The Midlander is a Radical—he has no use for an ideal. A square deal is his concern. Hence his support of Protection—it would obviously pay him better.

The rather genteel populations of the Southern seaside resorts and the suburbs might be shocked to learn they have so much in common with the factory population of Lancashire and Yorkshire, Northumberland and Durham. But surprisingly they have. For instance, the same intensive interest shown in India and in Naval defence, in the Trade Union and Co-operative movements. The North contrary to popular belief, is actually no less traditionally Conservative than the South. The trouble has been the wrong type of Conservative has too often stood for the boroughs, just as the wrong type of Socialist has consistently contested the counties.

What of the present 159 Conservative Members?

Some of them never expected to find themselves in the House of Commons and are dismayed that they are there. Those two little letters after their names have cost them three others they value more highly. Bank books—not blue books—are their line of business. Consequently they have neglected their duties at Westminster and their constituents know it.

Nemesis awaits them. A few, choosing to out-run destruction, have already announced their intention of retiring. They will go while the going is cheapest. Others, incapable as ever of decision, will straddle on to be overwhelmed by their frustrated and deceived electors. Sir Oswald Mosley's advance has been due solely to the apathy of members in meeting 20th century demands with 19th century responses.

Why does Sir Henry Page Croft hold Bournemouth election after election with increased majorities? Not only because he lives in his division and identifies himself with his people, but because he voices their spirit—he is afraid of neither man nor truth.

Sir E. T. Campbell—the man who has given Parliamentary Private Secretaries a new status by clinging on to Sir Kingsley Wood's coat tails at the Post Office obliterating the Assistant P.M.G. and becoming a Past-master of Publicity—is a cricketer, but politically he prefers tip and run. He had an uncomfortable by-election at Bromley in 1930. There are probably storms ahead for him next time. The Post Office perambulations have been childish; his adoration of the Government too much the suck-a-thumb to please his constituency.

Mr. Herbert Williams knows where he is at Croydon. And he knows where Great Britain ought to be—underrated by his party he need not despair. He is an engineer. He must know the value of straight lines.

I have no doubt at all about the political end of Mr. James Henry Thomas of Derby (and lately of Dulwich). Nor has he. There are so many tricks in the pack—he will deal himself a good

card to finish the game. Derby will be offered a suitable alternative and the weak Reid will be broken too.

Mr. Dudley Joel was able to make play with his name at Dudley in 1931. What is he going to do next time? The joke does not bear repeating—nor does Mr. Joel's record. Just another outsider in a large field.

Goodbye to East Ham, Colonel Mayhew; soon you won't be able to sit up all night to get your pictures in the papers the next morning. And the days of Mr. Hartland at Norwich are numbered, of his own free will be it said. He could find no solution to the political puzzles in spite of his crossword training.

Mr. Mander lingers on at Wolverhampton (and will continue to do so) hopelessly misguided but at least resolute. Better a resolved Liberal than a dissolved Conservative. Mr. Geoffrey Peto next door flees the wrath to come. It will overtake Mrs. Tate in Willesden and Mrs. Copeland at Stoke. Brave women in their way, but limited.

Who has heard of Sir John Power, the M.P.

for Wimbledon? He has been at Westminster since 1924 and is still conspicuous for his inconspicuousness. Mr. Lindsay is in the House, he sits for Bristol, he mustn't waste his time; he will not be there much longer.

A Liberal, Mr. Harboard, should disappear if Great Yarmouth Conservatives know their business and give a wide berth to Lord Stonehaven. Leicester West are not pleased with Mr. Pickering, a Samuelite who got in because the Tory candidate gave way. They are determined to send Pickering packing.

Southend will still have a Guinness to be good to them, but Southampton deserves a better fate than Sir Charles Barrie. Mr. Holford Knight is scheduled for demolition in South Nottingham. Reading will be faced again with a doctor's dilemma and one would not be surprised to see Dr. Hastings show the other doctor Howitt should be done.

A depressing forecast maybe, but where there is no leadership there must be drift, and where there is drift, there is disaster.

Genius Behind The Autogiro

By Oliver Stewart

SENOR DON JUAN de la CIERVA is the perfect inventor. With the sole exception that he never starved in a garret and is in fact a member of a great Spanish family, he is the kind of inventor novelists strive to create. For he discovered and suddenly revealed to a doubting and still only partially understanding world, that the bird's way of heavier-than-air flight was not the only way. In the twentieth century, after Leonardo da Vinci, Stringfellow, Maxim, Lilienthal, the Wrights and the rest of them, Señor de la Cierva struck out afresh and *re-invented the flying machine*, employing a method of flight whose existence had never before been so much as suspected.

Let me, as a preliminary to forecasting its future, try to define in one sentence the Cierva Autogiro: It is a flying machine which derives lift and automatic stability from a unique system of rotating aerofoils.

The autogiro is not a helicopter, though it is commonly mistaken for one. A helicopter holds itself aloft by turning its airscrew shaft upwards and screwing itself into the sky. The autogiro uses its airscrew to pull it along and not to lift it up. The lift comes from the large free windmill above the body of the machine. And the essential thing about this windmill, the thing that gives the autogiro invention its exquisite, mathematical beauty, is that it *has flapping blades*. The blades are not rigid, but are articulated and free to flap up and down as they go round. And they do flap up and down as the windmill goes round, under the compulsion of forces which at once balance themselves and give the aircraft automatic stability.

The results of using this method of rotating wing

flight are: a speed range, between maximum and minimum air speed, in excess of anything achieved by the fixed wing aeroplane; an absence of undesirable stalling characteristics; simplicity of control and the ability to land without run and to take off with a very short run.

When Señor de la Cierva, some years ago, arrived in England, I happened to be one of the first to discuss with him his invention. It was in the old Royal Aero Club building off Bond Street. I distinguished immediately the absolute faith of the genuinely inspired inventor and, what is rarer, a business-like grasp of practical problems. Shortly after that talk I wrote a little book called "Aeolus, or the Future of the Flying Machine" in which I predicted the part the autogiro would play in the air transport of the future. To-day I see no reason to depart in any particular from that prediction. I still believe that, for short distance, civil flying between land aerodromes, the autogiro will eventually become pre-eminent.

It does not seem that it can give the performance in load carrying per horse power of an equipollent fixed wing aeroplane. It does not seem that it can compete with the fixed wing aeroplane in the matter of large size. But its advantages over the fixed wing aeroplane in landing, taking off and slow flying are so important, that it will certainly be used in the future for "feeder" air lines, by private owners and for a host of other duties. When I first made that prediction it excited ridicule. It will not excite ridicule to-day.

Already the Army has persuaded the Air Ministry to try autogiros for Army co-operation work and a number of machines has been ordered for the

Air Force for this purpose. Now the Metropolitan Police have begun some experiments in using the autogiro for traffic control, crowd control and other purposes. Some half a hundred civil type autogiros are being built and I understand that all of them have already been ordered, some by flying clubs, some by private owners. At present the price of an autogiro is about on a level with an equipollent fixed wing aeroplane. But the machine lends itself better to series production of the kind employed in motor car manufacture and there is reason to suppose that it will eventually be built cheaper.

Without Exaggeration

I do not want to support the exaggerated claims for the autogiro that appear from time to time. The machine has some way to go yet before it will be in extensive use; before, that is, more than two thousand are in regular public or private service. The £100 autogiro is *not* here yet. The time has *not* arrived when we shall go to our offices in autogiros, land on the roof and come down through the skylight instead of up by the lift. But if there is anything in aviation which suggests that private flying will ever become really popular, practical and cheap; and that air passengers will ever be landed near their destinations instead of miles away at some bleak aerodrome; it is the autogiro.

Why, then, it may be asked, has past progress been, apparently so slow? The answer is that it has not been slow; it has been, in one way, much too fast. I said that Señor de la Cierva is the perfect inventor. He is. And he has the inventor's habit so ingrained that he cannot stop inventing. The result is that no sooner is one type of autogiro brought to perfection and ready for series produc-

tion and sale to the public, than he invents something new which makes it obsolete.

This has happened more than once. The most recent step which I am permitted to mention was that of the introduction of direct control. The old autogiro, with ordinary aeroplane controls, had been almost perfected and was about to be put on the market. People said: now we shall have a chance of seeing what it can do. Then Señor de la Cierva, to the delight of the technically minded and the rage of the commercially minded, invented the direct control system. He swept away all such things as rudder bars, rudders, ailerons and elevators, and contrived a system whereby every movement of the machine in the air could be controlled by a single "hanging" stick. This is the latest type of autogiro.

Tennis Court Landing!

It is an amazing machine; and it proved its qualities at the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon this year in the hands of Mr. R. A. C. Brie, the chief autogiro pilot. It can "hand" a message attached to a length of cord to a man running below on the ground and receive another message from him. It can land in a tennis court and take off from the same space. It can descend vertically and withal it can fly at a top speed about the same as that of a comparable fixed wing aeroplane. It will soon be coming on to the market and into the hands of the ordinary private owner and then the validity of my predictions will be tested. . . . always provided that Señor de la Cierva does not meanwhile step in with some further brilliant invention which will mean further modification in the type and further delays in the arrival of the commercial production stage.

High Politics from The Inside

The Baltic States

By Robert Machray

Kaunas (Kovno), Lithuania.

AT the moment the Baltic States are well in the international limelight because of their close connection with the projected Eastern (Locarno) Pact. But during the last seven or eight months they attracted a good deal of attention on their own account, as each of them was the theatre of serious internal revolutionary movements. One result of these is that the whole tract of the Eastern Baltic, from the Gulf of Finland to East Prussia, is under martial law, has no Parliamentary Government, and is run by "authoritarian" régimes, that is, dictatorships.

Perhaps it may be as well to note at the start that the expression, the "Baltic States," covers Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, and does not apply to Finland, or the "Scandinavian States," namely, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, or to Germany and Poland, though all these countries are vitally interested in the Baltic Sea. My tour took me from Danzig by steamer to Tallinn,

formerly known as Reval, the capital of Estonia; my next move, by rail, was to Riga, the capital of Latvia; and now I am in Kaunas, as the Lithuanians call their capital, though it is still far better known under its old Russian name of Kovno.

I have spent about three weeks in the Baltic States, my longest stay being in Riga, a city which has many claims to notice—not the least perhaps being that it contains the famous Otto Schwarz restaurant, known to every *gourmet* in Europe, and certainly one of the best restaurants in the world as regards *cuisine*. The policy of the Latvian Government, which is severely nationalistic, imposes, however, such monstrously prohibitive duties on foreign wines that it is impossible to get even a *vin ordinaire* at Schwarz's unless one's purse is that of a millionaire. But this is by the way.

During my tour I have talked intimately with the leading men of the three States, the principal

subject of discussion being the Eastern (Locarno) Pact, though they also spoke of the internal situation of their respective countries, and of the prospects of the actual formation of an entente between their three States, which, under the style of the "Baltic League," has been on the cards ever since 1919 when they severally achieved their independence.

Speaking generally, the Baltic States are in favour of the Eastern Pact, but with some important qualifications. It is a profound mistake to assert, as is being done by a section of the French Press, that they are enthusiastic in its support. To some extent they sympathise with the Polish point of view, which was placed before Estonia and Latvia (when Poland comes into the case, Lithuania always maintains a certain reserve) very clearly by Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, during his recent visit to Tallinn and Riga.

Their Sovereign Right

On one thing the States are quite determined, and this is that they must see the full text of the Pact before considering it definitely as in their interest. Like Poland, they are not in the least keen in having something imposed on them from outside, even for their benefit. Though small and relatively of no very great importance in the world, they do not forget for one moment that they are sovereign States, with the absolute right to choose for themselves what course to pursue. They already have non-aggression treaties with Russia, and they are very far from sure of the value of any treaty whatsoever made by Germany in her present circumstances.

Concerning Soviet Russia, they are in no doubt, because they are positive (I cannot put this too strongly) that, while the Soviet Government has not undergone a change of heart, such as Litvinoff's present policy might indicate, it is resolved at any cost to protect its rear in Europe from attack, as it expects war with Japan before long, and is making—has already made—very extensive preparations for it.

The Baltic States believe that the Soviet Government is desperately afraid of Japan, and they see this belief confirmed by the Soviet's concentration of large forces (put at 350,000 men, fully equipped) in Eastern Siberia between Lake Baikal and Vladivostok. It has made these forces "autonomous," that is, completely severed from and independent of its army in Europe. The object of this is that if the Soviet is defeated by the Japanese in Siberia (as it would almost seem it expects to be), it would still be able to maintain itself in power in European Russia by its European army—which might or might not be the case. Behind the Soviet's fear of Japan is its fear for its very existence. As things are, the Soviet Government will never dare to mobilise all Russia against the Japanese, for the risk to itself would be too great—hence, this new "Autonomous Army of the East."

While the Baltic States see quite clearly that owing to Japanese pressure the whole position of the Soviet and its system is now precarious (a view which should be considered most carefully

in France as well as England), they maintain an attitude of great reserve towards Germany. As one Balkan statesman said to me, "Who can forecast what to-morrow may happen in Germany?" Formerly the Baltic States went in fear of Soviet Russia; next, when that fear had passed away, they became afraid of Germany, as they had good reason to be, for German propaganda, even before Hitler's coming into power, was persistently aggressive.

To-day, probably because of the shortage in Berlin of the necessary funds, German pressure on the Baltic is not nearly so strong, but nevertheless can easily be traced, particularly in tourist literature. Some of the Baltic States are trying, through their school curricula, to establish English as their second language, but the plain fact is that German, where it is not Russian, is the second language already, and is not likely to be displaced in any near future. The old connection with Germany is still very powerful. German is spoken everywhere, and there are several papers published in German. As this is the case, it is not surprising that the Baltic statesmen still distrust and fear Germany, and gravely doubt the good faith of any pact signed by her.

As for the internal situation in the three States, it is to be said that, apart from martial law, of the actuality of which I personally felt nothing, it is not bad. The crops this year are excellent, and the harvest is in full swing, with prices tending to improve. The dictatorships do not appear to gall; indeed, they are approved by the majority of sensible people, as they achieve useful results, in marked contrast to former régimes of much talk-with-nothing-done, the unfortunate characteristic of the politics of most Continental States.

The Vilna Question

For fifteen years on and off the proposal to form a Baltic League has been canvassed and has found a large measure of support, but so far it has not got beyond debate. The stone of stumbling has been the Vilna question, Lithuania having sought to impose her point of view *vis-à-vis* Poland on the two other States, who do not share it. This year, however, Lithuania came forward with a fresh suggestion, namely, that these States, Estonia and Latvia, should agree to establish the League with herself, the Vilna question being quietly dropped from their common programme. This seems to show there is a degree of truth in the statements in the Press to the effect that relations between Lithuania and Poland are better than they were.

It is an open secret that Marshal Pilsudski has been making great efforts unofficially to end the breach with Lithuania. His representatives, as "private persons," have discussed the matter with leading Lithuanians here, and, if what I here is true, not without some success. The whole Baltic would gain if the Vilna question was settled. Perhaps I may be able to say something more definite on this important subject in my next article, which will be written from Warsaw, after I have been in touch with some prominent people there.

Shakespeare's Favourite Hero

By Clive Rattigan

"Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England."

HENRY V was Shakespeare's favourite hero in English history; and for a very good reason. He was the greatest military commander of his time, a monarch who inspired the love and esteem of his subjects and a Sovereign who extended the dominions he had inherited and who made England a power on the Continent, the head and centre of a strong alliance of Western States.

Moreover, as Sovereign, he had all the qualities of perfect knight and King. A man without fear; sincere and consistent in his devotions, generous, courteous and just in his dealings with others, temperate and frugal in his private life. A King about whom every contemporary writer, whether French or English, could find nothing but praise.

He was only 35 when he died, and even at the age of 14, he was placed by his father in a position of authority at Chester and had his first taste of war. Thereafter, he had little rest from campaigning, whether against rebels in Wales or Northumberland or against the Scots.

The Judge and the Prince

Shakespeare borrowed his account of Prince Hal striking the Lord Chief Justice, William Gascoigne, from Holinshed, but the story of this celebrated "contempt" of the law—*minus* the actual blow—also occurs in Sir Thomas Elyot's "The Governor," so it probably had some foundation in fact. But if it was Gascoigne who committed the Prince for contempt, Shakespeare's account of King Henry V's magnanimity to the Judge who had punished him cannot be said to be historically accurate, since Sir William Hankford was appointed Lord Chief Justice within eight days of Henry's accession to the Throne.

There is, however, a family record in the British Museum that suggests that it was not Gascoigne at all who committed the Prince to prison, but Sir John Markham, who was a Judge of the Common Pleas in the reigns of both Henry IV and Henry V. If this family tradition is correct, it may be that Shakespeare's story is not after all wholly fictitious.

The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance, scouring faults,
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this King.

Shakespeare certainly had historical authority for this sudden "reformation."

"In his youth," says one fifteenth century account of Henry V, "he had been wild and reckless and spared nothing of his lusts and desires, but as soon as he was crowned suddenly he was changed into a new man and all his intent was to live virtuously."

And Shakespeare probably depicted the young Prince's wilfulness in its true light; a readiness to indulge in youthful pranks and even to keep unworthy company, but a warm, chivalrous nature underneath the youthful levity. We have Shakespeare's vision of him in the words he puts into Henry IV's mouth:

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

Henry V came to the throne at 26. He was actually for a time governing in his father's name three years earlier and with his incessant pre-occupations with civil war and rebellion there can hardly have been much time for his indulgence in youthful follies.

Inflexible Justice

As King, Henry V impressed his contemporaries with his inflexible justice. He had a keen perception of his own rights, but he had also regard for those of all classes among his subjects. If he treated the Lollards and Frenchmen who offered him fierce resistance with harshness, that was only in conformity with the spirit of the age and because to him the defence of religion and the maintenance of his claims on the French throne were a sacred duty.

In England he did much to heal the animosities which had distracted the kingdom in the two previous reigns, while in France the conquered people had much to be grateful to him for the just and firm administration which he installed in contrast with the violence and disorder which had preceded it.

As victor of Agincourt and conqueror of Normandy, he stood out as the Alexander of his age. His plans were laid with careful forethought and executed with patience or daring as the occasion demanded. For his own soldiers' welfare, he was as considerate as he was stern in repressing all plundering and violence to women.

On the eve of battle—

Forth he goes and visits all his host
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enshrouded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one;
Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

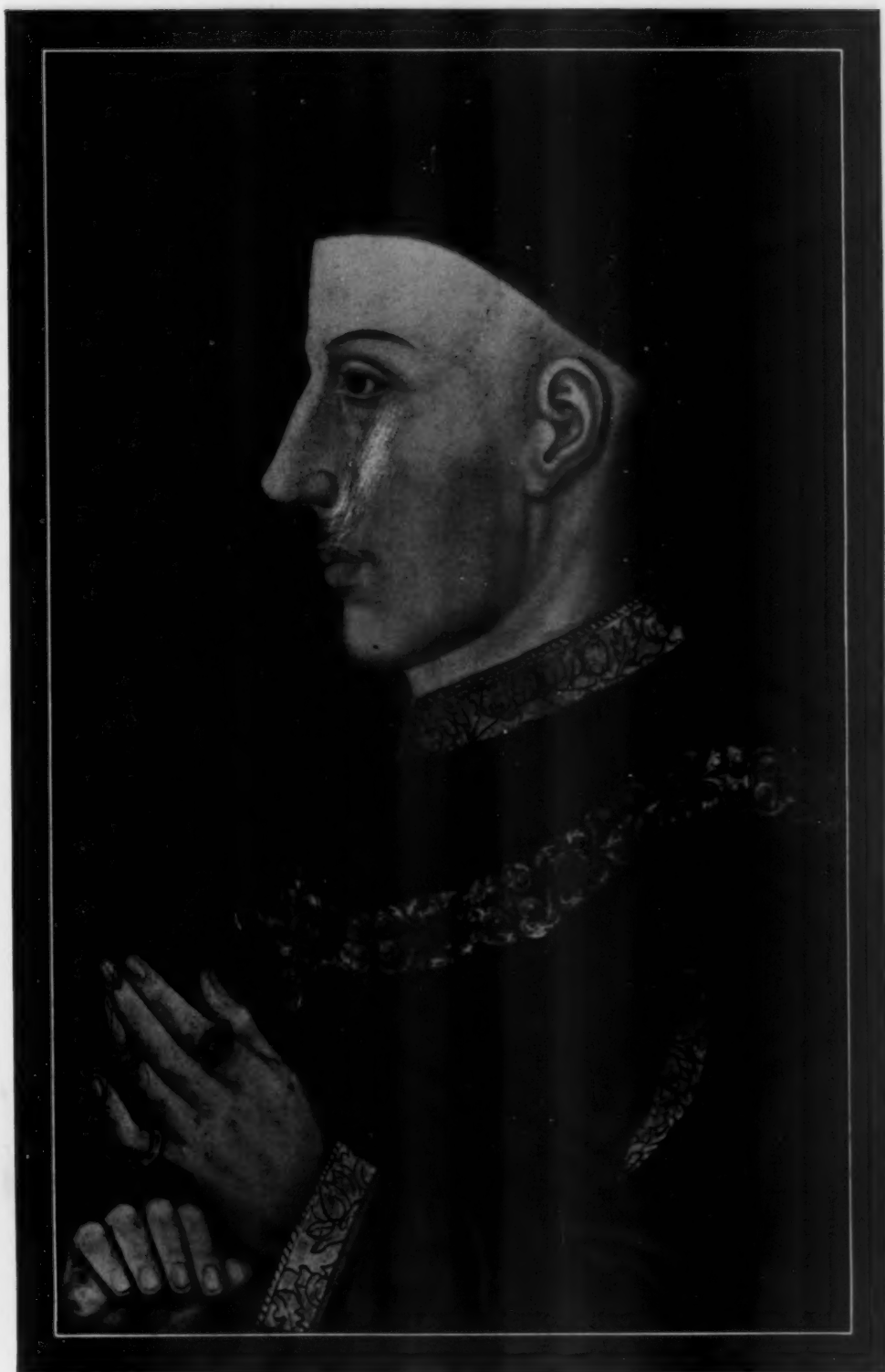
In short, a great King and a great personality. And in this age of weak-kneed sentimentality perhaps some of us may be inclined to think that this England of ours would be much better for "a little touch of Harry" in its higher counsels to-day.

Shakespeare's Poems and Plays

1616

HENRY V

Victor of Agincourt



Oh, for "a little touch of Harry in the night" of these degenerate days!

RACING

Doubtful Starters

By David Learmonth

THIS is the sort of silly season of racing when, in spite of some important events like the Great Yorkshire on Thursday, everyone's interest is focussed on the St. Leger. It is the time when such parrot cries as "Why not Stipendiary Stewards?" are trotted out, when racing journalists become all wise and wonderful and denounce everything from selling race ramps and handicap scandals to the accommodation in the Silver Ring at Blankwick and the railway fares.

However, it is a good opportunity to imagine ourselves in the shoes of those alternately praised and maligned individuals, owners and trainers. For they are still maligned to-day, not publicly in the Press, over which the law of libel hangs like a sword of Damocles and which, moreover, recognises the integrity of great personages; but no less acrimoniously over pints in "four ale" bars, in clubs where "sportsmen" collect and bemoan the fact of their unfortunate selections, at street corners, in fact everywhere where those who are accustomed to risk a few shillings on a "certainty" are temporarily gathered together.

Winners and Losers

There is, in fact, a certain section of the community which thinks that owners should run their horses for its special benefit. That the owners themselves may not bet at all makes no difference whatever to the opinion of these people. If the wrong horse wins there is trickery about. Their cry is that the public should not have been allowed to lose its money, forgetting that the public have not all backed the same animal and that, when one section loses, another section must win, even if it be a smaller section.

There is nothing that excites more bitter comment than when a horse that was fancied up till the last moment fails to start or when an animal that was considered a doubtful starter runs after all and wins. To such a pitch have things come that when a big race candidate becomes amiss, warnings are broadcast and bulletins issued concerning the animal's progress as though Royalty had fallen sick.

This is no new development, though the public, from long usage, has come to expect these bulletins as a matter of course, instead of realising that it is only through the kindness of owners and trainers that they are furnished with any information at all. They are under no obligation to give any, and there is no moral reason, in fact rather the reverse, why they should allow their horses to be used as gambling machines for the masses.

The position of an owner or trainer when a big race candidate meets with a mishap is an unenviable one. If he strikes a horse out of a race, there are people who will say he has been forestalled in the betting. If he leaves it in till the last moment, hoping for its recovery they will accuse him of

being in league with the bookmakers and deliberately robbing the public.

William Day quotes an instance when *The Hero*, after being backed down to a very short price for the Goodwood Cup, suddenly fell lame. The touts, of course, rushed off and telegraphed the news, with the result that the animal went to long odds. After a day or two the horse made its appearance again, but was restricted at first to walking exercise, whereat people clamoured that it should be struck out in an "honourable and straightforward manner."

A little later the horse was re-instated in the market; but the public insisted that this was only for hedging purposes, and were even more outspoken in their comments. The owner, however, was determined to leave the horse in. He did, and it won.

Now this horse was engaged in other races at Goodwood. Suppose the owner had struck him out of the Cup, thereby losing his ante-post bets, and had then found that he had been too hasty, he would have been perfectly justified in running *The Hero* in one of these other races in an attempt to get back some of his losses. Imagine the public outcry if the horse had won! People would have declared that never had there been such barefaced robbery; that an agreed percentage of the thousands for which the public had backed *The Hero* had found its way to the stable, which had waited till it had got the last farthing out of the horse and then scratched him on the pretence that he was lame. Imagine the hullabaloo!

Open to Abuse

While admitting the advantages of a strong public opinion as a certain safeguard against nefarious practices I am not certain that this system of warnings and bulletins has anything to recommend it. We have already seen how it works out in the case of men who are above reproach; in the hands of the unscrupulous it might be, and has been, used to effect just the kind of robbery which everyone wishes to prevent. It must be remembered that if Mr. Blank, a crook, took the unprecedented step of announcing that his horse was a doubtful starter and subsequently won the race, he might be viewed with grave suspicion. But if he were only doing what every owner was expected to do, no responsible person could say anything against him.

I am not at all sure, in fact, that it would not be better in the long run if no information regarding the well being of a racehorse were allowed to be given out at all. After all the whole of ante-post betting is a gamble; there are a hundred and one things which may befall the selected candidate before it goes to the post. There seems, therefore, little advantage in being told that it may not run after all with the result that the punter tries to get out on some other animal which promptly meets with a similar fate.

Good Luck to The Fisherman

By Dan Russell

SLOWLY the summer daylight faded from land and river; thin wraiths of mist crept sinuously above the water-meadows; the pollard-willows by the salmon pool merged into the deepening dusk. The creatures of the day retired to tree and burrow, and the wild things of the night awoke from their day-long sleep.

From the roots of the willows came faint twitterings as the voles hurried along their tiny galleries; an owl quartering the big field screamed before it pounced upon a cowering mouse; the river murmured softly as it plashed over the stones at the lower end of the salmon pool.

A full moon rode into a cloudless sky and paled the countryside with her radiance. The salmon pool was placid and bright as a silver mirror. No ripple from rising fish wrinkled the water. It seemed as though nothing could disturb that quiet surface.

But, suddenly, so quickly that no human eye could have seen its coming, a head was reared above the water; and for all its swiftness it made no ripple.

His Evening Meal

It was a fierce, flattened head of grayish-brown, with small cat-like ears. The eyes were dark, and from the muzzle protruded stiff, bristling whiskers. Only for a moment did it stay, the nostrils snuffing the air for possible danger; then as silently as it had come it vanished under the water.

Beneath the surface the light was dim; the otter swam near the bottom, hunting for fish. He moved with kicks of his hind-legs, his fore-feet being folded against his chest.

There was a glimmer of silver above him, and a trout twisted away downstream. Instantly the otter was after it, turning and dodging with his quarry, trying to drive it into shallow water. He was swimming now with all four legs, his body bending and straightening like a piece of rubber. The trout turned short, and as it did so the otter flung himself upward and caught it in a shower of silver bubbles.

He took his catch to the shallows, where the water was only deep enough to cover his feet. There he ate, chewing each mouthful with the seeming difficulty of a cat.

When he had finished his meal he was still hungry, so he re-entered the water, and within an hour ten fish had died. Two frogs also he had caught, skinning them before he ate. His hunting had taken him a long way, but he did not return to the salmon pool, for the otters are wanderers and frequent no place for long.

Now that he was full he played, rolling and wallowing on the surface and patting at the ripples with his paws, diving and rising so that only his head showed above the water. But in his play was that caution and alertness which is the safety of all hunted things.

Soon he was hungry again, so he went eel-

hunting along a ditch. The low-flying owl passed soundlessly above him, and he snarled a warning at its ghostly passing.

When the river flushed to the rising sun, the otter was four miles downstream, and with the coming of daylight he sought shelter. Under the roots of a willow was an ancient holt which had given sanctuary to many generations of otters. Here he curled himself nose to tail and slept in the cool darkness.

His sleep was light, and, when the thin note of a hunting-horn floated from far upstream, the otter awoke. He backed to the far end of the holt, his hair rising on his back, for he had been hunted before. He was not conscious of terror, but he had an uneasy sense of coming danger.

Then he heard the deep voice of a hound, then another and another until the air was filled with their crying, and mingling with that peal of sound was the thin laughter of the horn. Hounds had winded his drag of the night before, and were working up to the holt.

The din grew louder, but the otter crouched motionless, save for the nervous twitching of his rudder. There was a splashing of water and hounds marked at the holt, tearing at the stones and roots with their teeth while the huntsman cheered them.

Inside the holt the din was deafening, but after a while the huntsman called off his hounds. Then a small white animal crawled into the holt. The otter snarled at it, and it answered with a storm of yapping, and at the same time someone thumped on the earth above with an iron bar. Suddenly the terrier darted in and nipped him; the otter hissed and made for the entrance to the holt. Outside all was quiet, so he slipped into the water and swam beneath the surface.

The Chase

The otter hunters standing quietly on the banks saw the bright chain of bubbles which travelled swiftly upstream.

"Tally-ho!"

The huntsman blew his horn with short, pulsating notes as the hounds rushed to the holloa. They were in the water yelping at the scent which had been brought to the surface with the bubbles.

The otter swam upstream, coming to the surface every fifty yards for a swift intake of breath. He was making for the large reed-bed. When he reached it he came to the surface and listened. Far away he could hear the voices of the hounds, but he felt no fear. All his faculties were bent on listening.

The hounds worked up the river and flung into the river with a burst of music. The otter dived, and they hunted him round the mass of reeds for an hour, until the stalks were beaten flat. Then he swam in midstream, and someone viewed him.

"Tally-ho!"

He went downstream, the hounds close behind

him; but he had not gone far when he found the way blocked. A line of men stood leg to leg across the river, barring his passage. He turned back and dived beneath the hounds, coming to the surface by a patch of weed. Here he gained a respite; then the huntsman viewed him.

"Tally-ho!"

He was tired now, and the hounds were close to him all the time. He swam upstream and landed on a patch of mud and ran along the bank. The hounds raced after him. He turned to dive and, as he did so, Windsor caught and held him. Now he was underneath in a tearing, rolling mass of bodies; then they were over the bank and in the water. The sudden shock of immersion confused the hounds, and the otter was free.

He swam upstream, only to find the river barred by another line of men. But his case was desperate, and he swam on. They felt the brush of his passing between stockinged legs, and stirred the water with their poles, but the otter was through.

"Tally-ho!"

He swam more slowly now, two lines of pink streaming from his flanks and head. Hounds were close behind again, but, strangely enough,

he did not feel afraid; all his mind was concentrated on swimming.

He rounded a bend and knew he was near to safety. He was coming to the surface more often now. The hounds were very close. Suddenly he saw it in front of him; a long, strong drain.

With a final burst of speed he swam on. The leading hounds were just behind him, running mute in the desire for blood.

The huntsman saw the drain and ran on to stop the entrance. He slid down the bank, and as he did so the otter scrambled in.

The drain was long and deep; the otter went to the far end, where he was safe from spade and terrier. The hounds left and drew on upstream. The sound of the horn died in the distance and the drowsy summer quiet returned to field and river.

In the drain the otter licked his hurts and then curled up to enjoy his hard-earned rest. But every now and then he would lift his head and listen, while his rudder twitched uneasily.

Once more the twilight came; and with the first glimmer of the moon the otter stretched himself and padded out to take his nightly toll of fish along the river.

Famous Detective Feats

The Murder of Inspector Walls

By Arthur Lambton

(Hon. Secretary and Co-Founder of the Crimes Club)

EASTBOURNE has not only always been deservedly a most popular seaside resort, but, whether as a residential town or viewed as merely a holiday centre, it has always prided itself as being select. The tripper element is less noticeable in Eastbourne than in other seaside towns within easy reach of London. It is also famed for the excellence of its preparatory boys' schools, its girls' schools, its Cricket Weeks on the Saffrons (the baby of "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower), and the lawn tennis tournaments and concerts at Devonshire Park. Of a truth the Cavendish family may be said to possess something of considerable value in the town of Eastbourne. It is not perfect, perhaps. What is? And one cannot please everybody. But both residents and visitors complain to me that there is a spirit of Puritanism in the place that still obtains, or at any rate did obtain until quite recently.

Yet in 1912 a most brutal murder was perpetrated in the assassination of Inspector Walls of the local police, and it was mainly through the ability of Inspector Parker, of the same force, that the guilty man was brought to the gallows.

At this period there resided in South Cliff Avenue a Hungarian—a Countess Sztary. On the night of October 9 (a Wednesday), the Countess and another lady drove off to dine at a hotel. As they drove off the coachman noticed a man crouching on the portico over the doorway.

He did not draw his mistress's attention to this at first, but after they had proceeded about a quarter of a mile he pulled up and imparted the information. Whereat the Countess directed him to turn round and go back to the house. Immediately upon her return the Countess telephoned the news to the police station.

Accordingly, acting upon orders, Inspector Walls hurried to the Countess's house, and, lo and behold! there was the intruder all right, still on the portico, and within a few yards of the Inspector underneath. What happened then was clearly heard by the Countess, her friend, and the coachman. The Inspector called on the burglar to come down immediately. By way of reply, the man on the portico drew a revolver, rested it upon the ledge so as to obtain surer aim, and then deliberately fired. Walls was a man of fine physique and therefore a good mark. The assassin fired twice. At the first shot Walls staggered towards the road, and almost immediately upon the second shot he collapsed there.

The discharge of these two shots caused the horse to attempt to bolt (it was a one-horse brougham), and the coachman had all his work cut out to save the carriage. But a maidservant from opposite and a pedestrian who had witnessed the tragedy hastened to the stricken man, but he was beyond human aid.

The first clue that put the police on the right track was a letter. This message was sent to a man named Williams, from his brother, at Tidswell Road, Eastbourne, urging him to come to Eastbourne at once and bring money with him. Now a young doctor, named Power, was acquainted with both the brothers Williams, and having read of the murder, and the recipient of the card having mentioned the gist of its contents, Power put two and two together, and himself repaired to Eastbourne, where he interviewed the Chief Constable. It appears that in the letter the one Williams had written to the other, it was a question of "saving his life." Power also informed the Chief Constable that he had ascertained that the brother who had travelled to Eastbourne with the money, in response to the appeal, was returning that night with a woman, named Florence Seymour, who was a friend of the sender of the appeal. Accordingly the brother and the woman were shadowed to London, but on arrival there the detectives lost them.

Lost in the Fog

It so happened that there was a fog. The couple, having no luggage with them, sprang from the train before it had stopped, and had then jumped into the only vacant cab on the rank. But before these happenings the police had ascertained that on the afternoon of October 9 two people had been noticed loitering in South Cliff Avenue—the woman appeared to be stationed at the end of the avenue, while her companion seemed particularly curious as to the architecture of the houses.

If residence outside very large towns has its disadvantages, it has also its advantages, as in this instance. If one cannot walk down a street without everybody remarking upon it, so here many inquisitive eyes noticed this man and this woman. And it having been ascertained that the man's name was Williams, and his friend was Florence Seymour, and that Williams' brother had received this urgent request for his society and for money, the scent was now growing warm. This may perhaps sound more simple than it really was. It was very smart work even with Power's assistance to establish the identity of the two loiterers in South Cliff Avenue, and to connect the man with the dispatch of the letter—all within twenty-four hours.

But Williams' brother was not Williams, and it was the murderer that the police wanted. And here again Power's services were enlisted. It was a moral certainty that the murderer would join his brother. Power knew the brothers' habits and their haunts. Moreover, he was acquainted with Florence Seymour. At length the patience of the police was rewarded, and the wanted man was arrested in a City restaurant. On the day after his arrest Williams was taken back to Eastbourne. Meanwhile it had been ascertained that he was an old-timer. But with scrupulous fairness Williams' features were covered during the journey, and this gave rise to the well-known expression in connection with this case, namely, "the Hooded Man." The police in New York might well take

a lesson in how to play the game from our men in this case, as, being hooded, there could be no possible risk of mistaken identification.

Meanwhile the detectives had succeeded in tracing and arresting Florence Seymour.

In a sense Williams may be said to have been the precursor of the cat burglar. He had been a sailor, and, of course, he could not get on the portico without climbing there. As a matter of fact, the rope which he used to ascend the portico was afterwards discovered on the seashore. At one end was a large iron hook which would afford him the necessary purchase. Further inquiries elicited the fact that when he was in the Navy he had been well known for his agility. But the most damning piece of evidence against Williams was the discovery of the revolver with which the murder was committed. The hiding-place was revealed by Florence Seymour. It was proved to have been the property of Williams. This weapon Williams broke in two and then buried on the beach. It has always been a matter of wonder how any man, murderer or otherwise, could have been such a bungler. Why give oneself all the trouble of breaking it and burying it? Why not consign it "into the deep bosom of the ocean"?

Further detective work revealed that Williams and Florence Seymour had pretended to be married. That they had deposited luggage at Victoria. When the latter was examined there were found pawnbroker's tickets for jewels which had been stolen from various houses, burglar's tools, a revolver case, and a false moustache.

Quick Verdict

Williams was tried at Lewes Assizes on the following December 12. The trial lasted three days, and Williams elected to give evidence upon his own behalf. He was three hours under cross-examination.

The trial is remarkable because the jury were only absent a few minutes before Mr. Justice Channell passed the sentence of death. The usual appeal followed, with the usual result, the judges being Lord Alverstone and Justices Phillimore and Ridley. But even then there was an attempt to save Williams from the scaffold—an unusual attempt. The Home Secretary was actually requested in Parliament to delay the execution in order that Williams might formally marry Florence Seymour. The Home Secretary, needless to say, declined to interfere in the matter.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

A SERMON—

The Right Kind of Fear

By C. H. Spurgeon

"Happy is the man that feareth alway."—Proverbs xxviii., 14.

BUT did not John say that "fear hath torment"? Then, how can he be happy who hath fear, and especially he who hath it alway? Did not John also say that "perfect love casteth out fear"? How is it, then, that he is happy in whom love is not made perfect, if so be that the fear which John meant be left in it? Dear friends, the explanation is that the word "fear" is used in different senses, and both Solomon and John are right; neither is there any conflict between their two statements.

There is a fear which perfect love casts out because it hath torment. That is the slavish fear which trembles before God as a criminal trembles before the judge,—the fear which mistrusts, suspects, and has no confidence in God,—the fear which, therefore, keeps us away from God, causes us to dread the thought of drawing near to him, and makes us say, like the fool to whom the psalmist refers, "No God." There is also another sort of fear, which springs out of this slavish fear, and which is to be equally shunned, namely, a fear which leads to the apprehension that something evil is about to happen. There are many persons, who have so little faith in God that they fear that the trials, which will sooner or later overtake them, will also overthrow them. They are afraid of a certain form of suffering that threatens them; they fear that they will not have patience enough to bear up under it, they feel sure that their spirit will sink in their sickness. Above all, they are dreadfully afraid to die. They have not yet believed that God will be with them when they pass through the valley of deathshade; and because they cannot trust him, they are all their lifetime subject to bondage.

"He Shall Not Be Afraid..."

That is a kind of fear from which the true believer is free. He knows that, whatever happens, God will over-rule it for the good of his chosen. "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Resignation to the divine will has made him feel that whatever the Lord wills is right; he does not seek to have his own will, but he is glad to make God's will his will, and so he is perfectly satisfied with all that comes. God save you, my brethren and sisters in Christ, from all fear of a slavish sort!

Above all, no Christian ought to have any fear which would bring dishonour upon the truthfulness, the goodness, the immutability, or the power of God. To doubt his promise—to suppose that he will not make it good—this is indeed a fear which hath torment. To doubt God's faithfulness—to suppose that he can ever forget his children, that his mercy can be withdrawn from them, or that he will be favourable to them no more—this

also is wrong. To doubt the perseverance of the saints, when God's Word has so plainly declared that he will keep their feet, and will perfect the work which he hath begun in them—indeed, to doubt anything that has the inspired Scriptures to support it, and to tremble in any way when your trembling arises out of a suspicion that God may change, or cease to be faithful to his promises, and faithful to his Son, all that kind of fearing is to be cast far from us.

But, dear friends, there is another fear that ought to be cultivated—the reverential fear which the holy angels feel when they worship God, and behold his glory;—that gracious fear which makes them veil their faces with their wings as they adore the Majesty on high. There is also the loving fear which every true, right-hearted child has towards its father—a fear of grieving so tender a parent—a proper feeling of dread which makes it watch its every footstep, lest, in the slightest degree, it should deviate from the path of absolute obedience. May God graciously grant to us much of this kind of fear!

Fear of Ourselves

Then there is a holy fear of ourselves, which makes us shun the very thought of self-reliance—which weans us equally from self-righteousness and self-confidence—and which makes us feel that we shall surely fall unless the Lord shall continually hold us up, and that we shall certainly die unless he shall sustain our spiritual life. This fear of our own selves—the fear of sinning against God—is a fear which we ought always to cherish...

I have taken this topic for a special reason. You know that we have recently had a great deal of preaching of "Believe! Believe! Believe!" and I have very heartily joined in the evangelistic services which have been held. We have also had a great deal of singing about full assurance, and we have had a little chattering about perfection, or something wonderfully like it, as far as I can make it out; and as I put all these things together, I cannot help being afraid that there will be a great growth of the mushrooms of presumption. With warm days and damp days, and with everything tending to make vegetation luxurious, we may expect to see an abundant crop of poisonous fungi growing up—noxious agarics, toadstools, and I know not what besides. They will come up in a night, but they may not be destroyed in a night; and they will be a great nuisance, and possibly worse than that. So I want to speak in such a way that we may all be led to do some sincere heart-searching, and to commend to you the cherishing of an anxious fear lest peradventure, all that glitters should not prove to be gold, and lest much of that which looks like wheat should, at the last, turn out to be tares.

A Metaphysical Poet

[REVIEWED BY ASHLEY SAMPSON]

FOR various reasons Coleridge has only quite recently been truly evaluated. As poet, thinker, philosopher, meta-physician and theologian, he has been sometimes overpraised and sometimes neglected.

Thus he has been isolated, diffused, over-concentrated or neglected until the opening years of this century; and only recently has his figure began to emerge out of the fog which all his critics have created.

Mr. Edmund Blunden and Mr. Earl Leslie Griggs's book, "Coleridge" (Constable, 10s. 6d.), has a particular value as being perhaps the first comprehensive endeavour to put Coleridge in his proper perspective. For instance, Professor Muirhead says of his reaction to post-Kantian thought:

"What is maintained by his critics is that his thought throughout oscillates between different, even contradictory, means, and in the end comes to rest in one which entirely separates him from the whole spirit of the Critical Philosophy and allies him with its enemies by identifying it with a direct intention of truths otherwise inaccessible, and endowed with an inherent right to override all others, however apparently in logic opposed to them."

This has, indeed, been the attitude generally towards Coleridge's philosophy; and I think that the attitude towards his Shakespearean criticism has been at least as full of misconception. The work of the hands which contribute to this volume has therefore largely consisted of tidying up.

Coleridge is left intact at the close—like a master of critical thought and the poet who, out of the most crude mechanism of nineteenth century philosophy, could carve such supernatural masterpieces as "Christabel," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Kubla Khan."

His Life at School

In dealing with the poet's earlier life, Mr. Blunden says:

"The parts of school life which were hard were very hard. The food was, as Coleridge recalled, 'very scanty.' Thrashings were not so scanty. Boredom was plentiful, and no matter what is done for schools they will always have something of the nature of prisons about them. The unhappy and the happy sides of life in Christ's Hospital 150 years ago have been uncommonly well communicated to us in "Elia," in Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," in William Pitt Scargill's little book of "Recollections" dedicated to Elia, and by Coleridge in numerous occasional glances back."

So we get the dismal, all-to-often-told story of under-feeding, flogging, loneliness, bitterness, and occasional gleams of light which most assuredly shaped the opium-eater; and perhaps did something to mould the dramatic element in his best work.

His amazing capacity for speech perhaps occupies less space than is deserved by one who could silence Wordsworth for two whole hours and overawe even Carlyle; but as much space is devoted to Coleridge the man as to the poet and metaphysician. This, and the fact that he is nowhere glossed over or whitewashed, makes the book an important contribution to biographical literature.

The Gandhi Cult

MANY men have tried to explain Mr. Gandhi to the world, and Mr. Gandhi himself has not only written his own biography, but has done his best by a continuous stream of articles and manifestos in the Press to reveal his own mind and soul to all and sundry.

The net result, however, is to leave the world baffled, where it is not wholly unimpressed, and to exhibit Mr. Gandhi as an enigma, even to himself.

The truth would appear to be that the Mahatma is the creature of ill-digested ideas of considerable belief, both in himself and in his own mission.

Wrong-headed in most things and wilfully obstinate, he has been astute enough to realise that ascetism and "passive resistance" must always have particular appeal in a country where Sadhus and fakirs abound, and the climate does not favour too much energy either of thought or action. Fastings and penances have served to keep him in the limelight in which Simla sentimentality was kind enough originally to place him.

What little the West has seen of the saint of late years, has not served to create much general sympathy with his manifestations of Soul-Force. However, Mr. Gandhi still manages apparently to hypnotise a few Western minds, and Mr. Glorney Bolton is among those who cannot help admiring him, despite the fact that there is so much that he disapproves of in the Mahatma's teaching.

To Mr. Bolton, Mr. Gandhi is the "biggest personality" he has yet encountered and in "The Tragedy of Gandhi" (George Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.), he seeks to present us with a fresh interpretation of the man and his doctrines.

He finds in Mr. Gandhi's "soul force" the means of averting war. He even anticipates that one day Englishmen will put up a statue to Mr. Gandhi in London. He does not suggest the inscription; but perhaps "What fools these mortals be" would suffice.

Test and County Cricket

PATSY HENDREN is not only one of the finest exponents of the game of cricket, but he is also one of the most popular of men on and off the field, his never-failing geniality and his almost inexhaustible fund of stories making him for all sportsmen a most agreeable companion.

He has now written a book on the game which he loves and which his presence does so much to brighten. He calls it "Big Cricket" (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s.), and in it will be found a wealth of pleasing anecdote as well as much sound and shrewd advice about the game to young cricketers.

The various chapters cover a variety of topics, including Patsy's start in first-class cricket and his own "red-letter" days, the ways of Test-team skippers, amazing county matches and players' fads and fancies. Patsy also selects for us "the best eleven of my time."

Democracy and Commonsense

THE four books which are here grouped together—"Democracy," by J. A. Hobson. (The Bodley Head, 2s. 6d.), "Democracy or Dictatorship," by Hugh Sellon (Lovat Dickinson, 2s.), "The Economics of Rearmament," by Paul Einzig (Kegan Paul, 6s.) and "The Revolt Against Mechanism," by L. P. Jacks (George Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d.) have a remarkable similarity.

They all, for example, place a great emphasis on rights. Mr. Sellon carefully considers the point beyond which no man can advance his rights. Mr. Hobson devotes most of his first chapter to a similar discussion and decides that in this country liberty counts for more equality, and fraternity is a poor third. Even Mr. Jacks has nothing to say of duties.

But nothing whatever can be achieved while we concentrate on rights. Even an intellectual classification of rights cannot be made until the importance of duties is appreciated. And if that is the intellectual position, in practice a State or an individual whose attention is devoted to rights must inevitably perish. Political writers, however, persist in the fallacy that duties can be ignored.

Need of Definite Purpose

There is a similar concentration on the importance of economics, which are universally regarded as a god. Mr. Einzig is exclusively concerned with these problems, and suggests that the best way to reduce debt without hardship is through the unbalancing of budgets. With Mr. Hobson he advocates "economic planning." Mr. Hobson states that the main problems of Parliament are economic, and he decides that "the 'closed state' . . . must fail to satisfy the economic demands of the workers." Mr. Sellon goes so far as to discover a contrast between "political" and "real or economic" power.

Now no political system can be secure unless it has a purpose, and this acceptance of economics as the master means simply that our accepted purpose is to make a profit. "Economic planning" can mean nothing if it does not mean that. The statesman must have his purpose clearly defined, and then in so far as economics is a science it can aid him. Certainly the workers appreciate that there are far more important things. The attempt to bribe them with high wages has failed often enough to be a lesson to everyone. But the idea that economic power is real and the master of political power is universal, and invariably leads to chaos.

Mr. Sellon argues for the maintenance of a National Government. But his demand that all parties should co-operate in times of crisis is rather thin. The Conservative party to-day represents nothing but this burning desire to agree with everyone. A man of character who has carefully considered his position cannot abandon his goal in order to accept, not his opponent's goal,

but one half way between, which neither he nor his opponents really like.

The Toryism preached by Bolingbroke could unify the country. Any other unity arises from inertia and collapse.

Mr. Sellon also completely fails to appreciate the meaning of English Common Law. Here, indeed, was a real unity, which could hardly be achieved in the country to-day. The written constitution which Mr. Sellon desires could never contain the strength of our Common Law. And the wave of "hysteria," which he anticipates, would be impossible under such a system. The whole chapter on the Constitution is not very profound. He quotes with approval the conception of sovereignty set out by Professor Dicey in 1885, but he fails to mention that even Professor Dicey in his preface to his edition of 1908 had to state that he thought things had altered very greatly. It is quite obvious to any thoughtful man that this definition has no application to-day. But with hardly any exception the view set out by Dicey is still accepted by those who write on the Constitution.

Democracy National and International

The case which Mr. Hobson makes for democracy is briefly this: that "the common man, the ordinary elector, has a contribution to make and it is important for him and the community that he should make it." That is something with which few of us would disagree. But if this contribution is of any value, democracy is surely the system which offers the least opportunity for it—one cross on a ballot paper every five years. No system yet set up in this world gives anyone less power. No one can govern for long, even where votes are not used, except through a close association with the people. In a democracy the governors are completely detached except on the day of an election, when the issue is usually decided on some quite artificial point.

"The common sense of the people of this would," says Mr. Hobson, "is discernible . . . in two directive urges." The first in the urge to peace, and the second "constructive economic planning." Commonsense of that order does not exist in the mind of the English working man, any more than it does in Italy, Germany, Russia, or Japan. This commonsense is a fiction of Mr. Hobson's imagination.

"Opportunism is the very essence of politics," he says, "and commonsense has been its guide in conduct." And elsewhere, "A wise opportunism favours simultaneous advances on every front." Politics is something far deeper than that, and Mr. Hobson appreciates the difficulties he has provided for himself as his last defence is in an "international democracy" which is "the only road to peace and prosperity." And I have no doubt whatever what English commonsense thinks of that.

BRYANT IRVINE.

Garibaldi The Man

TO-DAY, when Italy has undergone yet another re-birth under the influence of Fascism and stands forth as the protector of Austria, it might seem perhaps that the story of the old Risorgimento has lost much of its glamour and significance.

That, however, is an illusion. Circumstances have completely changed, Italy is not what it was, but the chain of cause and effect is still there to connect the régime of the Duce with the old struggles that freed Italy from Austrian domination some seventy years ago.

Without the Risorgimento there would have been no Fascist Italy, nor would Italy to-day have become one of the Great Powers of the modern world.

The full story of Italy's rise to freedom was set out for English readers some twenty years ago in a brilliant trilogy of books by Professor Trevelyan.

Mr. David Larg, who now gives us a study of the most romantic figure in that movement ("Giuseppe Garibaldi," Peter Davies, with maps and illustrations, 15s.), pays due acknowledgment to Professor Trevelyan's great work, but stresses the fact that he is more concerned with revealing the "poetic significance" of Garibaldi's life than with producing a faithful and complete record of all his achievements.

The nature of the man, he holds, was greater than the consequences of his acts, and to get at his true character it is necessary to avoid giving undue prominence to "the middle and end of the life where (from the historian's point of view) the external action of the character appears to become vastly important," but where, as the biographer sees it, the character is really "shrinking."

His Greatest Difficulty

Mr. Larg's biographical method has its disadvantages. It involves certain omissions which the more erudite reader cannot fail to note and possibly resent.

But it must be said for Mr. Larg that he gives us a very clear and convincing portrait of this rough, but great-hearted sailor and guerilla leader, who was as ready to risk his life for others at sea as he was indifferent to danger on land; who "looked sometimes like a lion, sometimes like the pictures of Jesus Christ"; whose high courage and patriotism over-rode all obstacles in his path and inspired his followers with the determination to do and endure all in the sacred cause of the liberation and unification of Italy.

Garibaldi's political creed was as simple as himself: his country first, everything else of subordinate importance. Mazzini, with his mania for plotting, he considered a fool: Cavour he never fully understood or appreciated.

In one sentence Mr. Larg sums up what was perhaps the greatest difficulty Garibaldi had to surmount:

"It was not the Austrians who had to be defeated in order that Italy should be free, but the very nature

of the Italians themselves and their habit of mingling courage and fear in equal doses."

"The very nature of the Italians" is amplified in another passage where Garibaldi's attitude to Cavour is being discussed:

Garibaldi did not like having Cavour as an enemy; not on personal ground, but because he symbolised excellently the enemy he had always fought in his fellow countrymen, that subtle faithlessness which expressed itself in their devious machinations, in their flourishing and perfidious politeness, the "vulpine" quality which they had learnt in centuries of subjection, of court intrigue where poison and the dagger disposed of enemies who might not be fronted with open force. Because of this characteristic the Italians had remained petty citizens of petty duchies and republics; they trusted each other too little to unite and were too selfish for sacrifice.

If Mr. Larg has omitted much from his study of Garibaldi's life, the human side of the story finds due space—for example, the South American adventures leading to the impulsive wooing and winning of Anita, the not very happy marriage with Guiseppina Raimondi, and the final romance with Francesca Armosino.

A Detective's Memoirs

THE memoirs of an East End detective "are what ex-Detective Sergeant B. Leeson offers under the title of "Lost London" (Stanley Paul, 15s.).

He was the police officer shot and badly wounded in the famous "Battle of Sydney Street" of January, 1911, when a gang of Russian desperadoes, led by "Peter the Painter," were rounded up and eventually vanquished by the Police, with Mr. Churchill, as Home Secretary, present to direct operations.

"Peter the Painter" was at one time supposed to have been burnt to death in the gang's "citadel," but Mr. Leeson now tells us that he came across this arch-villain many months later in Australia, under somewhat unpleasant circumstances and that he subsequently heard from the Painter's brother that the man had died in America in the summer of 1914. The same informant also, later still, told him that the anarchist outrages of that year had been "organised by Stalin, now head of the Soviet Government." Mr. Leeson is himself convinced of the truth of this statement.

Mr. Leeson was awarded the King's medal for his work in this affair, but never received the decoration owing to his lying wounded in hospital. This seems a curious omission on the part of authority.

He was also employed in Whitechapel at the time of the "Jack the Ripper" crimes and he tells us that "there was amongst the police who were most concerned in the case a general feeling that a certain doctor, known to me, could have thrown quite a lot of light on the subject. This particular doctor was never far away when the crimes were committed, and it is certain that the injuries inflicted on the victims could only have been done by one skilled in the use of the knife."

Shorter Notices

The Sights and Sounds Around Us

"LOCAL COLOUR" by Edmund Vale (J.M. Dent & Sons, 5s.) is an unusual book, and impossible to classify although easy to read. It is not a guide book, neither is it a "nature study" book, but it is one which will enable the reader to recognise points of beauty and interest in whatever locality he happens to find himself. Mr. Vale writes about such things as mist, and sky reflections, trees, woods and flowers, birds, beasts and fishes, rock and stone, and gives to the most ordinary sights and sounds a new and charming significance. The drawings by F. H. Glazebrook and Ruth Vale with which it is illustrated make a fitting complement to the book.

How to Teach

"The School and the Age" (Herbert Russell, 4/6) is an account by G. R. Swaine of the modern methods of instruction at the Kingsmoor School, Glossop, of which he is headmaster, and it makes one envious of the pupils who have the good fortune to attend his school. The correlation of the subjects taught is made obvious to the children who are treated throughout as the intelligent beings they undoubtedly are, while the author's attitude towards that educational bogey—the General School Certificate—is as refreshing as it is sane.

Lord Castlerosse's Musings

"Sunday Express" readers with good memories will not need to read this review to discover what Lord Castlerosse's book "Valentine's Days" (Methuen 12s. 6d.) is about. It is mostly a reprint of the writer's page in that newspaper with the asterisks taken out—it may be entirely that, for all we know.

However, we have no complaint on this count. Many serials are afterwards published in book form and publishers say this does not affect the sales. Whether it is desirable to record permanently what many of us have regarded as an ever-changing brightness amidst the gloom of an English Sunday is a matter for individual taste. Personally one found that, though Lord Castlerosse's musings contain much nonsense, the greater part of the book bears re-printing; and the matter certainly gains by being set down in a more concentrated form.

Dull Subject for Biography

Why Mr. Thomas Wright should have elected to write the life story of a long-forgotten parson is his own business. The subject of "The Life of the Rev. Timothy Matthews" (C. J. Farncombe & Sons, 21/- illustrated), seems to have been a meddlesome individual with a habit of invading other clerics' parishes without their consent, a piece of impudence which did not gain him popularity.

He must, however, have had some magnetism, for he became one of the most popular preachers in England and important enough for Charles Dickens to satirise in a pamphlet entitled "Sunday Under Three Heads."

He seems to have had little else to recommend him, except that he was a friend of Edward Fitzgerald.

U.S. Oil Production

The growing use of coconut oil in the United States has had effects upon the compound (animal and vegetable fat) industry greater than are represented by its limited use in compound.

Mr. G. M. Weber ("The American Vegetable-Shortening Industry," Stanford University, \$3.50), tells us that the use of coconut oil in frying causes "foaming." For this reason, we learn, such compounds are unsatisfactory for frying doughnuts, Saratoga chips, French-fried potatoes and the like.

Compounds containing large amounts of coconut oil cannot, therefore, be sold to the household trade which demands a general-utility cooking fat. In margarine, in which coconut oil is used so extensively, foaming is not

objectionable, since margarine is not used in deep frying. Coconut oil, may, the author states, very well in the future become a cooking fat in the United States if scientifically treated, though it is hardly plastic enough for general use as a shortening.

The book is devoted to those manufactured solid fat products other than pure lard which in America are used in cookery, and traces the economic history of this industry. It deals with production, consumption, prices and tariffs, and war-time and post-war developments of the "shortening" industry. It should interest students of economics and those connected with the oils and fats industries.

Sea Angler's Paradise

The rich banquet spread for the reader of the pages of "Sea Fishing" (Edited by A. E. Cooper, Honorary Secretary of the British Tunny Club, Seeley, Service & Co., Qr. Leather 25s.; Buchram, 15s. illustrated) must be sat down to to be fully appreciated.

The work is a complete encyclopaedia on everything connected with deep sea fishing: some chapters are devoted to the minutest description of the best types of rods, tackle and baits, spinning and casting; others to weather lore and boat management, and to game fish, their haunts, peculiarities and the best methods of catching them.

Who, even if ordinarily not a fishing enthusiast, could fail to be thrilled by the description by Fred Taylor of the moments preceding a battle royal with Tunny, which may mean a fish of anything up to 800lbs. or more, if you are lucky!

Chapters on fishing the seas of South Africa and New Zealand, and on the Tarpon and the Bone Fish (the gamest of all small sized battlers) and finally two extremely instructive appendices on the external features and classification of Sea Fish, close a volume of vividly entertaining reading, written by experts in every phase of the sport.

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Latest Fiction

Under the Nazis

"CROOKED CROSS" by Sally Carson (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) is a first novel, and a very unusual one. It is a simply-told tale of simple people in a little Bavarian town, and of the effect of the Nazi régime upon their lives. Miss Carson's simplicity is her strength. Without strain or extravagance of phrase she tells a grim story, first of growing interest in the coming of the new order, its appeal to youth and the reluctance with which the elderly accept it, then of the growing sense of suspicion and ultimate fear of the tyranny of "The Party."

The story itself centres in a German girl engaged to a young doctor with Jewish blood in his veins, the persecution of the man and his ultimate death.

"Crooked Cross" rings true. It does not seem like propaganda, and it makes you feel that grim sense of uncertainty and fear which must come upon any people under a rule of terror, be it in Russia or in Germany.

Within a Year

"Almost anything may happen in a year," says Miss Faith Baldwin in her preface to "Within a Year" (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 7/6). This is really a collection of four longish short stories, the happenings described in all of which are supposed to occur within the limits of March, 1933, and March, 1934—an important year for America, the scene of all four stories, because March, 1933, saw the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt as President. Her first story deals with the closing of the Banks and the American public's reaction thereto, and is called "Bank Holiday." The second in point of time covers only a week-end period, "Friday to Monday," the third is occupied with a single evening, that of New Year's Eve, while the fourth is based on the Irish Sweepstake of 1934. All the stories are crisply told and reveal a fine understanding of character.

Cricket and Romance in Yugo-Slavia

It is rare that an author brings himself into a novel in his own name, but that is what Mr. H. S. Hoff appears to do in "Trina" (Heinemann, 7/6). It is an amusing story of a visit by "Mr. Hoff" to Yugo-Slavia to keep an eye on the mysterious proceedings of a Greek, who is supposed to be acting as the agent for the sale of his firm's tennis racquets. Under the influence of another Englishman the Yugo-Slavians are being turned into, not tennis players, but cricketers; and one of the funniest chapters in the book is devoted to the description of an extraordinary cricket match. Love and romance also figure prominently in Mr. Hoff's pages, and if the morality is not of a particularly high order, there is plenty of entertainment in the book.

A Cobbler's Rise to Prosperity

Mr. George Woden has attained some distinction as a novelist through his gift for investing the ordinary and the commonplace with an interest that fascinates his readers. Messrs. Hutchinson have now re-issued the first novel he ever published, "Sowing Clover" (7/6). It is the story of a cobbler's romance and rise to prosperity, and it also concerns his son. It is a simple, but interesting tale, which should appeal to Mr. Woden's public.

The Lady With Four Suitors

Mr. Denis Mackail in his latest novel "Summer Leaves" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6) tells us of a young lady who had two favourite adjectives, "dogie" and "bogie" (both carefully explained to us) and four different suitors. In his characteristically light and whimsical manner he discloses all her emotions and thoughts, and finally leads her to making her choice from amongst the four gentlemen besieging her heart.

Detective and Other Mysteries

By RICHARD KEVERNE

A STAGE story is "Murder in Public," by John Crozier (Hutchinson, 7/6), and the arch-sleuth who solves its many mysteries is a character new to me, one Falcon, a North American Indian. But do not imagine that he goes to work in feathered head-dress, tomahawk in hand, for most brilliant and sophisticated is Falcon, as is the slangy little Chicago-bred Miss Mitt who assists him.

The story begins with a jewel robbery from a "Star's" dressing room, goes on to a murder on the stage, and after that to plots most sinister and obscure. But not too obscure for Falcon.

This is a thoroughly good detective story, its theatre atmosphere very well done, although I think its explanations are a little overdone. What was found in the stall seats at the Framport Theatre may be all right, but the too elaborate code connected with it seemed to me unnecessary. The story would have been more convincing without that, or an entirely different story should have been built around it.

A French Detective Story

"Murder in the Bath" (and, my word! what a dust cover encloses it!) by Roger Francis Didelot (Lippincott, 7/6) is a French story translated for America, and a very clever tale of detection. The title tells the opening. A beautiful woman is found garrotted in her bath in a big hotel in Paris. Thence forward the vigorous and so Gallic detective, Lecain, goes to it until he lands the murderer.

I liked this story because I felt that I was assisting Lecain in all his investigations, sharing his triumphs and disappointments, doing the humdrum work of detection that so often apparently leads nowhere, yet which, in the end, does lead somewhere.

The mystery is a neat one, well concealed; the characters are good and convincing, and there is little that outrages credulity in M. Lecain's deductions and discoveries. Even the solution might be possible; anyhow M. Roger Didelot makes it seem so.

South Seas Adventure

Of quite a different calibre is Mr. Ottwell Binns' "The Red Token" (Ward, Lock & Co., 7/6). Here is a ramping and roaring adventure story, ramping and roaring from Hong Kong across the South Seas, with evil Chinese and the hardest of hard-boiled tramp steamer skippers, and a beautiful maiden in distress, bent on a romantic quest fraught with terrible perils, and a clean straightforward hero to help her. In fact, just the sort of tale of thrill and adventure we have read often before, yet, if told in Mr. Binns' breezy manner, I, for one, am game to read often again.

Six Murders

The criminal in "Death in Goblin Waters" (Hutchinson, 7/6), the last novel Margaret Peterson wrote before she died, is a real bad egg. There is no mystery about him; you know who he is quite early in the book, but you have a thoroughly interesting time with Inspector Wield, of the C.I.D., before the brute is captured. Six callous murders he has to his record by that time, and there might have been a seventh.

This is an unconventional story, that carries you along with it from the opening pages, when the Inspector arrives by chance at a Sussex Road House a short time after a dead woman has been found in its lake, until the last, when he is interviewing the criminal a short time before he is to pay the penalty of his crimes.

THEATRE

A Man of Many Parts

Sir Nigel Playfair

THE English stage has suffered a great loss with the sudden death of Sir Nigel Playfair. He was not only an excellent actor, an actor who could be natural without being inaudible, and technically perfect without being stilted, he was also a man of ideas. More than this, he had a genius for surrounding himself with people who could interpret his ideas.

His revival of the "Beggar's Opera," with which his name will always be associated, was successful not only because it was brilliantly produced by Playfair himself, but because he enlisted the aid of people who could see with his eyes and think with his brain—Arnold Bennett, Claud Lovat-Fraser, and Frederic Austin.

I have several memories of him which will always remain with me. Playfair producing "As You Like It" for the O.U.D.S. in the Warden's Garden at Wadham, being Touchstone, Corin, Silvius, Adam, the Banished Duke or "Charles the Wrestler," at an instant's notice, as occasion demanded. Or sitting in the front row of the circle, feet up, notebook in hand, watching the final rehearsal of Arnold Bennett's "Body and Soul." Playfair in a velvet jacket compèring "Riverside Nights," or with cricket cap jauntily perched on his head in "The Naughty Nineties," and, last of all, in wig and gown pleading eloquently for his client in "Libel."

The Theatre can ill afford to lose a man of so many parts and such lovable personality. A.H.

"Queer Cargo"

Piccadilly Theatre

By Noel Langley

It was a very curious collection of people who found their way on to this particular tramp steamer in the China Seas and I doubt if any of them would be likely to choose that method of transport a second time. The skipper was a really tough guy but it needed all his toughness to get his miscellaneous crowd of passengers safely to port. What with a mutinous crew and the demoniacal though suave attentions of a French pirate, he had his work cut out. Personally, I do not believe even he could have managed it had it not been for a providential collision with a British destroyer and an astonishingly rapid change of heart on the part of the wicked pirate.

If you like "thick-ear" drama you will have a thoroughly good time at the Piccadilly Theatre. The play moves rapidly with due attention to the element of suspense and none whatever to probability.

Barrie Livesey gives a fine virile performance as the indomitable skipper. Robert Hale and Dru-silla Wills provide some welcome relief as a missionary and his sister, Barry Sinclair cringes his way through the voyage in the most praiseworthy manner and Franklyn Dyll makes a magnificently oily pirate. The play is excellently produced by Reginald Bach. R.G.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Ramsay MacDonald and the City

SIR,—The writer of "London Election Prospects" in last week's *Saturday Review* mentions a possible candidate for the City of London. As a City Freeman, and having known City Conservatism for 22 years, may I say that his is not the name now being quietly and energetically canvassed among members of the City Conservative Association.

There is any amount of tendencious talk about how the City might honour itself by offering a safe seat to the Prime Minister, as it did to Mr. Balfour in 1906.

If Mr. Baldwin has his way, when next a peerage is accepted by one of the sitting M.P's, Ramsay MacDonald will become one of the members for the City of London.

We Conservatives will never understand where we are, until we realise that Mr. Baldwin is a Socialist-Internationalist, whose business it is to de-Britishize Conservatism. Posing as the bluff squire, proud of his pigs and cider, "having the misfortune to be in politics," as he informed the House of Commons on November 27, 1933, actually, he is one of the trickiest of party wire-pullers.

Muzzled Meeting

Ramsay MacDonald's chances in the City were discussed by the *Evening Standard* a few months ago.

Precautions against opposition are amusing. On July 3, the chief agent at the Central Office addressed the 1912 Club. I may say that the 1912 Club is not a club in the ordinary sense of the word, but a debating society meeting on Tuesdays inside the offices of the City Conservative Association. It is under the control of the Conservative agent for the City.

Lord Stonehaven's speech was a hymn of praise over Ramsay MacDonald. His Conservative audience was distinctly hostile. After speaking nearly an hour and a half with many interruptions, he sat down. It was then announced that the usual discussion would not be permitted. Questions only were allowed, a single one from each person, and the topic of India was barred.

It is not the first time that Mr. Baldwin has tried to force a non-Conservative candidate on the City Conservative Association. In 1923, it was suggested that Mr. Reginald McKenna, a free trader, should be adopted, in order that he might be Mr. Baldwin's Chancellor of the Exchequer. This plan was frustrated by Lord Banbury's delay in accepting his peerage.

The problem of Ramsay MacDonald's next seat is acute. If he is unable to enter parliament after the next General Election, the present composite party collapses, and Conservatism once again becomes master of her soul.

Although since the riot caused by Ramsay MacDonald's first attempt to speak in his own constituency after the General Election, a second and less disturbed meeting has been held in the small mining village of Easington, no sane person

believes he will ever stand again for Seaham. It was said that when the next General Election comes, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was going to surrender his seat at Bassetlaw to him. Bassetlaw, however, was only won by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald in 1931, by the Conservative candidate standing down in his favour. The Bassetlaw Conservative Association has now adopted a candidate of its own. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's chances at Bassetlaw are as hopeless as his father's at Seaham.

Ramsay MacDonald's sole chance of seeing Westminster again is by getting himself adopted by a Conservative Association, so completely under Central Office control as to be able to defeat the patriotic independent Conservative candidate who will be certain to stand against him, while at the same time strong enough not to lose the seat to the Labour Party.

These conditions are hard to find except in the City Conservative Association. After a great deal of quietly careful preparation, there will occur a vacancy in the parliamentary representation of the City. Then Ramsay MacDonald's candidature will be sprung on the City Conservatives, as a surprise, with a lot of well rehearsed applause from Mr. Baldwin and his entourage.

I hope this timely warning will awaken national consciousness strong enough to cause Ramsay MacDonald's House of Commons career to close when the next General Election comes.

MEMBER OF THE 1912 CLUB.

Conservatives Awake!!

SIR,—Your correspondents "Disgusted Voter," "Kim," and Mr. Carruthers, are all right in their estimate of the present parlous political position, and I may add, too, that I heartily agree with Lady Houston in thinking that the remedy for our ills lies not in Mosley or Hitler dictatorships, but in a reversion to true Conservative principles.

We shall obviously never get back to those principles under the present National Government, which contains far too many non-Conservatives, and far too many so-called Conservatives whose sole concern it is to stick to office whatever the principles may be to which they are expected to subscribe.

No, what is wanted is a complete change in the leadership of the Conservative Party as a prelude to the installation of a genuine Conservative Government, in which none of the "wobblers" will find a place.

That can only come about by Conservatives all over the country insisting upon both the reassertion of their Party's principles and a change in the leadership.

An opportunity offers for effective joint action at the National Conference at Bristol in October next. Meanwhile those who are perturbed by the apathy shown by the electorate in recent by-elections and by the dangers menacing their Party's very existence, should make every effort to rouse their fellow Conservatives to vigorous action.

ANOTHER DISGUSTED VOTER.

India and the late King Edward

SIR,—The *Saturday Review* goes out to India (from me) each week, and is eagerly read by those who appreciate to the full its sentiments. I even left the thick cover on last week, because of the indictment on the back—words which I have said and iterated.

I believe Ramsay MacDonald was kicked out of Woolwich by the loyal soldiers when he went there to

try to create disaffection in the blackest days of the war. His record is so well known, and yet in spite of it he is Prime Minister.

As to Hoare, the less said the better. His creature, Mr. Villiers, came here and said many things which, as he addressed a cultured and travelled audience, were simply ludicrous. Once there were cries of "Rot!"; and again he was told "the Government has no mandate from the people to give away India."

Did not Lord Cornwallis try a form of self-government when, after Seringapatam, he appointed Zemindars as rulers of provinces, and went to north to fight? During his absence they were at each others' throats, so he had to return and clear them out. This is only a bit of history remembered from school days.

The following may be interesting to you. It is recalled by the splendid portrait of Edward VII. in this week's issue. I was seated in my verandah, in India, in 1910, feeling very sad at the news just to hand, of King Edward's death. A hawker of lovely Indian goods appeared salaaming. "I cannot look at your goods to-day," I said, "I am too sad—our King has died."

"What, memsahib, King Edward dead?" he said, aghast, and sank to the floor, saying "Wah, Wah!" and rocking himself in grief.

It was not counterfeit. Then he got up and said, "I, too, will not buy or sell to-day," and added, "Do you know why this has happened? It is because of the big star with the long tail. It has brought disaster."

We were just passing through the tail of Halley's Comet, and the atmosphere appeared (to me) to be full of gold dust. The fact added to the feeling of tragedy and awe which possessed one, for in one's scientific ignorance there was uncertainty and fear.

(MRS.) M. SHERMAN

(Wife of a District Officer.)

23, St. Andrew's Road, Southsea.

De Valera's Ireland

SIR,—Whatever may be the financial settlement and whatever the forms of the Governments in any particular parts of Ireland, there have been even more important settlements in the past which recognised the existence of that one Kingdom of Ireland, which has even been able to survive "Partition," since the full title of His Majesty is King of Great Britain and Ireland, while those who were well aware of its importance were able to preserve it at the time of the Union.

Ireland then retained her own Privy Council, which has never yet been actually abolished, while the Scottish Privy Council was dissolved after the amalgamation of both Kingdoms of England and Scotland into the Kingdom of Great Britain.

Ireland also retained her Viceroy, who was sometimes called the "Symbol of Separation," to act with her Privy Council as her Executive, while her Exchequer also remained for some years after the Union until it was taken over, so that there is also the Crown of Ireland.

A few words of the great Grattan himself may be quoted here from a speech which he delivered on finance before the Union in the Irish House of Commons.

"We have been further told in debate and in public prints that our trade has no claim to the protection of the British Navy. Since you pay for that protection (you paid for it long ago), I tell you that payment was the Crown of Ireland." (See Irish Parliamentary Debates, Volume v., page 489.)

JOHN H. BURTONS.

Newtown Park, Co. Dublin.

An Extremist's Views

SIR,—The article in your last issue, "The Enemy on our Flank," shows the folly of showing leniency to traitors.

De Valera, as everyone knows, was at one time under sentence of death, a sentence which a pusillanimous Government feared to carry out. Instead he was allowed to escape, in connection with which it would be pertinent to ask what action was taken against those responsible for his safe custody.

Hitler was perfectly right in shooting rebels recently, how right and how economical of lives in the long run events in Ireland have shown. If only our rulers had had Hitler's capacity for prompt action!

Perhaps one day we shall have a Government whose motto will be "What I have, I hold," and not "Let us see what we can give away," a Government that will shoot rebels at sight, and realise that "acts of conciliation" are invariably interpreted as signs of weakness.

In the swirl of pacificism which has swept the country to-day, people forget that many brave Englishmen lost their lives during the "trouble." Are they to be allowed to have died in vain? Are all the principles for which they fought to be surrendered without a struggle?

H. L. JENKINS.

The Death of "Ranji"

SIR,—I find it difficult to regard with due seriousness the statement of a critic who imagines that from the name "Digvijaysinhji," the nickname "Ranji" was coined, even by the ingenious Cockney cricket spectator. But since the "Saturday Review" has decided to comment on part of the unfortunate controversy between the *Morning Post* and myself, perhaps I am expected to reply to the most inadequate report on which he has based an entirely false conclusion.

Evidently the "Saturday Review" did not trouble to read the whole of the correspondence in the *Morning Post*. If he had done so, he would have found that the original story in that newspaper was left without a single detail surviving as the truth. An attempt was made, as I wrote in the *Morning Post*, to prove that the present Jam Sahib (Digvijaysinhji) denied the truth of the account that he himself authorised in my "Official Biography." The *Morning Post* entirely mis-read the paragraph which your Reviewer reprints, once more without its context, and therefore with the wrong interpretation. You quote the words: "During a certain half hour on March 25, the Jam Sahib received a blow to his trust in human nature that hastened his death."

Quite so. But in the preceding two pages of that chapter there is no mention of Lord Willingdon in this connection!

ROLAND WILD.

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Puzzle of New Issue Dealings

(By Our City Editor)

THE Stock Exchange Committee's policy with regard to the granting of permission to deal in new issues has become puzzling to Stock Exchange men, so that to the ordinary investor it must be incomprehensible. Since 1929 the Committee has made a most praiseworthy effort to protect the investor by prohibiting dealings in bad or doubtful issues and has, in fact, succeeded in nipping in the bud many public issues of capital which from the investor's point of view would have proved to be nothing but a "ramp." But while these efforts are to be commended recent events in the new issue market need some explanation.

When offers of shares are made to the public there is no guarantee that the Stock Exchange Committee will grant "permission to deal" though those responsible for the issue can make almost certain of the required permission by consulting the Stock Exchange authorities as to what facts concerning the company the Committee will require to have published. But the Stock Exchange Committee will not state before the issue whether dealings are to be allowed or not, so that the unsuspecting public may subscribe for shares which are to be unmarketable. This is a lamentable state of affairs—the more so as the Stock Exchange Committee have considered the point and still have made no change in their procedure. While the difficulties of the Committee in committing themselves before the issue are understandable, the fact of the matter is that the Stock Exchange authorities have from the first a shrewd idea as to whether the company making the issue is an honest venture and whether its securities are worthy of a market.

Mining Issues

The way out of their difficulties which the Stock Exchange Committee seem to be taking at the moment is to withhold dealings in shares of newly-formed companies until these concerns have published accounts for their first year of working. With an industrial undertaking this plan may hold water, for it is possible to tell in a year whether prospectus estimates are likely to be realised. But it is a little difficult to see how much information can be gained in a year concerning the prospects of a new gold-mining venture and recently there have been several examples of gold-mining issues in which permission to deal has been withheld pending publication of the first year's accounts.

"Introductions"

Another unsatisfactory point in connection with new dealings arises from the "introduction" of shares. Following the publication of certain particulars of a company in the Press the shares of such a concern may be "introduced" to the market, i.e., a market may be created in the shares at such price as the holders are able to deal in them. Very often the price at which such dealings commence is wholly fictitious and the shares are given

a "run" in order to bring in one or two foolish members of the public as buyers of securities worth nothing like their market price. Incidentally one often finds "bucket-shops" pushing shares which have been "introduced" and in which there is only a narrow and, therefore, possibly a false market.

To sum up, the Stock Exchange Committee can only safeguard investors on new issue matters in one way, and that is to accept the responsibility of passing judgment on the *bona fides* of a new company by granting permission to deal in its shares, or refusing it, *before* the issue of capital to the public is made.

Shares in the News

Stephen Smith and Co., proprietors of "Hall's Wine" and "Keystone," are again paying dividends of 12½ per cent. for the year, trading profit to April 30th last amounting to £47,951. The company has £180,000 in cash, and £134,500 in investments (which have a still higher market value). Reserve is built up to £70,000 by an allocation of £9,000 from the past year's profits. The yield on the 5s. shares at 10s. 6d. is about 6 per cent., a good return considering the strength of the company's finances.

International Nickel Company of Canada have total income for the first half of the current year of \$14,967,665 against \$4,519,189 to June 30th, 1933. The net profit for the half-year was \$10,012,642 against \$1,862,889. For the half-year the profit, after providing for the preferred stock dividend, was equivalent to 62 cents on the common stock. Were "Nickels" purely a home security instead of being chiefly under Wall Street's influences, they would probably stand at over 30 instead of around 25 as at present.

Brazil Traction have risen to nearly 11½ on the better Brazilian Exchange position. But they have a long way to go before dividends can be resumed on a substantial basis. Canadian Pacific at 14 look more attractive in the same market.

F. W. Woolworth and Co.'s 5s. shares have come up during the week to 110s., the expansion in the spending power of the classes which constitute Woolworth's customers being expected to give higher profits to the company. Last year 60 per cent. was paid in dividends, and this year the market is looking for 90 per cent., on which basis the shares yield £4 2s. per cent., which would still be an attractive return for a share with such capital possibilities.

The £1 shares of *Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton*, the famous brewers, have been actively bought up to 95s. 9d. Attention was called in this column to the attractions of brewery investments when Bass were under 90s. The company earned 18 per cent. last year, and when the results are declared in November a final dividend of 12 per cent., making 17 per cent. for the year tax free, is hoped for. This would give a yield of about £3 11s. tax free, or £4 13s. 9d. gross.

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BROADCASTING NOTES**A STUPID POLICY**

By Alan Howland

IT is very interesting to learn that the B.B.C. has appointed a News Editor, and even more interesting to hear that the gentleman who is to occupy this position was once Professor of Imperial Economic Relations in the University of London and later Director of Public Information to the Government of India. What could be nicer than that? Of course, there may be impertinent people who would ask whether he has any knowledge of journalism or of the exigencies of broadcasting.

At the risk, however, of being turned to stone before my time, I feel impelled to ask two questions. First of all, why does the B.B.C. pursue its infantile policy of engaging hopeful amateurs for professional jobs? When broadcasting first saw the light of day it was more or less inevitable that the staff should consist of enthusiasts and equally inevitable that professional men would not throw up jobs to join a new and unfledged organisation. Leaving aside the fact that the amateur broadcasters of ten years ago have remained amateurs to their own shame and the disgrace of British Broadcasting, there is every reason why the B.B.C. should fill up the gaps in its staff with experts instead of with dilettante professors and slightly precious young plutocrats. It is not so very long ago that a young man was appointed to a certain department precisely because he knew nothing about broadcasting. What the programmes needed, according to the mandarins, was a virgin mind, fresh and untrammelled by any knowledge of the problems it had to face.

Afraid of Their Jobs

It would be kindest to say that this line of thought is utterly stupid, but it is sometimes kinder to be cruel. At least there can be only one other explanation of this folly, and that is that some of the incompetent amateurs in high places are afraid to have any experts on the premises in case they themselves should find they were being gradually supplanted.

The second question is, what exactly is the News Editor going to do? There are two News bulletins broadcast each day—three, if one counts the solemn re-hash of the nine o'clock bulletin which is served up at 10.15 p.m. If the present policy with regard to what these bulletins should contain is to be continued, a child of twelve could do the job successfully. In fact, if I did not know better, I should have been tempted to believe that a child of eleven had been doing it for some considerable time past. If we are only to hear what the Prime Minister said at the Boiler Makers' Banquet, or what Mr. Baldwin said at the Old Harrovians' Luncheon, if we must be content with listening to the decisions of the League of Nations on the subject of the price of potatoes in Paraguay, I fail to see the necessity for the services, however willingly given, of an emeritus professor of Imperial Economic Relations.

MUSIC NOTES**AT THE PROMENADES**

By Herbert Hughes

WITHIN a few days we have had two sorts of piano concerto performed at Queen's Hall, one the work of a Welshman, the other of a German Jew. The difference between them is more than a difference in construction and texture, or in idiom (which, of course, is marked enough), but in the very approach to the art of music.

Sir Walford Davies's *Conversations for Piano-forte and Orchestra*, in which he himself played the solo part, dates back twenty years or so and represents an attitude of mind towards the organised sound we call music which is only held to-day by people who are regarded by sections of the younger generation as hopelessly out of date: not only out of date, but out of joint with the times. It was an attitude in which cynicism played no important part, an attitude that implied respect for consonant as opposed to dissonant beauty, and a belief in all the Christian virtues. Progress was viewed through reactionary spectacles, and therefore progress in the attitudinism was very nearly static. The pre-war musical revolution brought about by Debussy bewildered them and left them eventually frigid. One of our die-hard composers of that period, of great academic distinction, was articulate enough to condemn the Frenchman's work as "cigarette music," and is himself dead and buried in every sense. The gyrations of the 30-year-old Richard Strauss were anathema to all of his type.

The point I wish to suggest here is that Sir Walford Davies, though by birth and upbringing essentially a Victorian, is in his way as much a modern as Berg or Webern, and far more in touch with contemporary life. He probably became self-expressive at least three decades before the mechanisation of music and others things had driven the milder creative artists out of business. Modernity of the wilder sort passes him by. I have no space here to discuss his amusing *Conversations* in detail, a genuine period piece, yet it had for me the kind of gentle perfection in form and utterance that one has observed in, say, the water colours of the late Alfred Rich.

On the other hand, the second work, Ernst Toch's *Symphony for Pianoforte and Orchestra* (a concerto despite the label) only represented for me the sort of affected protest against the Humanities that has become so prevalent and so boring within the last few years. The composer, resident for some time past in this country, lays on the dissonant colours so thickly that they cannot resolve into action; movement is blocked and form kyboshed.

It happens, consequently, that arabesques (of the neo-classical kind) have no sort of significance; dynamics become the merest rant and tub-thumping; episodes are meaningless. Herr Toch's art, poor fellow, is so artificial and deliberate, that it conceals nothing. Even the worldly-wise and egregious Herr Hindemith does this sort of thing better. And he, more conspicuous, has probably less to conceal.

CINEMA NOTES

Problem of Films for Children

By Mark Forrest

PERHAPS it was the success which attended the recent programme of Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies at the Tatler that encouraged the Academy cinema to launch its new venture but, whatever the source, this enterprising management is experimenting with films for children. The proceedings will be under the direction of Miss Cohen who will have a committee to help her.

The problem of children at the cinema has always been a vital one ever since this form of entertainment gained universal approval. There are those who would keep them out altogether on the grounds that the majority of pictures are quite unsuitable for them and that the confined atmosphere is not good for their health. There are others who welcome Walt Disney, instructional pictures and films which deal with adventure along traditional lines. Some of these latter, however, have been misguided enough to send their offspring to such pictures as *Henry the Eighth*, *Queen Christina* and *Catherine the Great* in the mistaken idea that the children will learn a certain amount of history without it realising it. Preparatory school masters and others will get plenty of shocks!

Bathos and Spectacle

There are many worse films from the historical point of view than the three mentioned above and the latest addition to the black list is *Cleopatra*, which opened at the Carlton this week. Mr. Cecil de Mille, who directed it, has been connected with many lavish entertainments and has probably spent more money in Hollywood upon production than any other director, but something more than the expenditure of money is needed to make a good picture. *The Ten Commandments*, *The King of Kings* and *The Sign of the Cross* are perhaps his three best known films and they all combine his two characteristics, bathos and spectacle, most successfully. *Cleopatra* is no exception, though the bathos is more acute here and the spectacle less imposing.

The period which Mr. de Mille has chosen begins with Cæsar's visit to Egypt in 48 B.C., his murder, the rise of Anthony, his subjugation by Cleopatra and their respective deaths. The dialogue is such that no actor could be expected to lend much characterisation to his rôle, but even making allowances for that the performances of Claudette Colbert, as Cleopatra, Warren William, as Cæsar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Anthony are very uninspired. The characters of Anthony and Cleopatra are distorted and the battle of Actium and other major events are dealt with according to the whims of Mr. de Mille and with little regard to what actually happened.

As his ideas are dramatically inferior to the truth, history has been mutilated to no good purpose, but it is curious that such a lover of spectacle as Mr. de Mille should have neglected to put on the screen the great fire at Alexandria which, started

by Cæsar when he burned his own fleet to save it from falling into the hands of Pothinus, destroyed the greatest library in the world. Also that he should have omitted to show Cleopatra's desertion of Anthony at Actium when she sailed between the combatants, leaving Anthony to follow her. There, surely, are two pictorial episodes after Mr. de Mille's own heart. Nevertheless, spectacular scenes are not lacking and he has used the camera with good effect.

This picture is unconsciously very funny, but the other expensive production this week is amusing on purpose. *Chu Chin Chow*, which goes to the Tivoli, is a very old favourite and the screen version should enable this musical play to retain its hold upon the public for a further period. There are faults in this British production; it is too long and could be cut with advantage to speed up the action. One misses the colour of Baghdad and the scenes in the market, the cave and the palace in consequence lack contrast; but the music, though all the tunes are familiar enough by now, still haunts the ear and there is some good singing from John Garrick, as Nur-Al-Din, and Jetsam as Abdullah.

The humour is in the capable hands of George Robey, who thoroughly enjoys himself in the part of the drunken Ali Baba, whose character has undergone considerable change since the days of Courtice Pounds, but the revised version of "I stopped and I looked and I listened," should amuse everyone. Those who remember Courtice Pounds singing "Any time's kissing time now" may regret that this number is now burlesqued, but those who don't will probably be satisfied to watch their favourite music hall comedian trying to reach the high notes and lamentably failing. The rascally Abu Hassan who murders the great Chu Chin Chow of China and then impersonates him, is played by Fritz Kurtner; the part is well within this fine actor's capabilities, but I hope that British studios will give him an opportunity of playing something a little more legitimate.

In an otherwise excellent production, in which care has been taken to get the costumes and settings correct, it is a pity that the performances of Anna May Wong and Pearl Argyle are disappointing. Neither of them is really satisfactory and in consequence Mr. Forde's direction appears to drag when the plot is left in their hands. Here, however, is a picture to which much harassed parents can take their children; they will all enjoy it.

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